

£50 and a Piece of Radium are hidden in to-day's "Daily Mirror." See page 6.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 32.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1903.

One Penny.

AFTER NEXT WEEK

The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" will Cost

Not a Penny Less than £57, more than
Double the Present Price,

And this Higher Price, when it comes into force a few days hence,
will never be reduced.

This matter is urgent for women as well as for men, and you should at once read these questions, or, at least, the one that meets your case, and see if your interests will allow you to neglect the answer and the simple deduction to be drawn from it.

Are you the Mistress of a House?

You will find in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" articles on Hygiene, Adulteration, Dietetics, Nursing, and other kindred subjects.

Are you interested in Decorative Art?

In the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" Walter Crane writes on "Arts and Crafts," Alan S. Cole on "Lace," and Mrs. Bury Palliser on "Embroidery"; Sir W. de W. Abney on "Photography," and other distinguished contributors on "Enamel," "Jewellery," "Metal Work," "Pottery and Porcelain," "Wood Carving," "Mosaic," &c.

Are you interested in Women's Work and Education?

Lady Jeune contributes the article "Women," Sir Joshua Fitch writes on Women's Education, and of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Miss Anna Swanwick, Miss Mary Kingsley, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Rosa Bonheur, Miss Nightingale, Sonia Kovalevsky, and of many other famous women workers special biographies are given.

Are you a Musician?

Mr. Fuller Maitland writes on "Music"; other contributors in the same department

have Sir George Macfarren, W. S. Rockstro, Francis Hueffer, Victor Mahillon. It is most difficult to find biographical details of modern musicians, but in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" may be found the life stories of Verdi, of Grieg, of Tchaikowsky, of Richard Strauss, of D'Indy, of Sir Hubert Parry, and many others. You will find your particular instrument the subject of an article by an eminent authority.

Are you interested in Church and Social Work?

Canon and Mrs. Barnett contribute the article "Social Progress," and there are essays on various aspects of social life contributed under such headings as "Charities," "Friendly Societies," "Poor Laws," &c.

Are you interested in Art?

The names of some half-dozen articles chosen from the mass of material will give some idea of the fulness with which Painting and Sculpture are treated: "Art Galleries," "Art Teaching," "Museums," "Sculpture," "Schools of Painting," "Impressionism." But the best way to find out the value of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" from this point of view is to write to "The Times" for the illustrated book describing it. In that book some of the beautiful reproductions of the works of famous artists executed for the new volumes are to be found. They are sufficient to show that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is the best possible guide to the galleries of modern and ancient art.

Are you interested in the Theatre?

What better guides to a true understanding of the dramatic art can you

have than M. Auguste Filon and Mr. Adolphus Ward? Then again you will find detailed biographies of the great dramatists of all countries, together with what is perhaps of more value as being more difficult to obtain, the biographies of many actors and actresses: Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Kemble, Ellen Terry, Helen Faucit, to mention some of the women.

Have you a Country House?

In that case you have many interests and occupations demanding technical knowledge certainly not included in an ordinary education. Again a list of articles is all that can be given, but if you send to "The Times" you may have a book giving a specimen of what the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" has to say about your hobby. Here are some of the country pursuits dealt with in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica": "Horticulture," "Motor Vehicles," "Dairy Farming," "Hunting," "Poultry Farming." The possession of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" may make all the difference for you between a deficit on your poultry and a sum in hand at the end of the year; while the knowledge of the latest improvements in dairy appliances will enable you to make your dairy the envy of the neighbourhood, and is pretty sure to lead to a substantial return.

The woman whose livelihood depends upon her profession needs no arguments to urge her to increase her working assets. But it is necessary to reiterate to all alike that next week will see the end of the opportunity. To-day the book can be purchased at less than half-price, and for small instalment payments, an initial payment of only 21s. securing immediate delivery of the volumes. After Saturday week the full catalogue price will be in force, and this will be more than double the present price, and will never be reduced.

Make inquiry to-day.

Please send me full particulars of the offer which is to close on December 19th, and the book describing the recently-completed "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Name
(Please write clearly.)

Mi 4.

Rank or Occupation.....

Address

GAY and BIRD'S LIST.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS.

Published November 2, post free, 6s.

FIRST EDITION of 5,000 sold out. SECOND EDITION exhausted.
THIRD EDITION now ready.

REBECCA of Sunnybrook Farm. By MRS. WIGGIN.

DAILY TELEGRAPH: "This delightful book, which bubbles over with delicate humour and tender pathos."
GLASGOW RECORD: "A delightful novel."
CHRISTIAN WORLD: "A great success."
SPECTATOR: "None wields a more graceful and engaging pen than Mrs. Wiggin."
BIRMINGHAM POST: "Told in the author's best style, and a clever and most attractive story is the result."

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, illustrated. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"CHARACTER BUILDING BY STIMULATING BIOGRAPHY."
CHEAP EDITION. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., post free.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT; or, Success Under Difficulties.

By O. S. MARDEN, Author of "Architects of Fate," etc.

N.B.—THIS IS NOT A VOLUME OF ADVICE.

Every page gives interesting and oftentimes thrilling accounts of the great privations and trials successfully overcome by eminent men of all ages.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net. Postage 3d.

THE LIFE RADIANT.

By LILIAN WHITING, Author of "The World Beautiful," etc.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, 33 illustrations, cloth, 4s. 6d. net. Postage 3d.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

Common-Sense Ideas on Health and Beauty without Medicine.

By N. M. PRATT.

JUST PUBLISHED. Size 10½ in. by 7½ in., pp. 546, art cloth, gilt top and side, 4½ ls. 6d. net.

STATELY HOMES IN AMERICA.

From Colonial Times to the Present Day.

By HENRY W. DESMOND and HERBERT CROLY.

With 150 Half-Tone Plates from Photographs.

* Among the New Statelike Homes will be found the Town and Country Residences of America's Chief Millionaires.

SECOND EDITION. Size 8½ in. by 6 in., beautifully printed and attractively bound.
Price 3s., post free.

WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO.

Being Character Sketches of the Animals in the Zoological Gardens.

By L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.

With 20 Half-Tone Plates and Text Illustrations, drawn from life, by the Author.
MORNING POST: "A profusely and beautifully illustrated book."
WESTERN MORNING NEWS: "Full of amusing stories."
LEADS MERCURY: "No more pleasing gift could be found for children who are fond of animals."
BIRMINGHAM POST: "Has done her work well, and her book deserves a hearty welcome."

London: GAY & BIRD, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.
NEW CATALOGUE post free on application. Agency for American Books.

AN UNIQUE RECORD.

Each month "The Bookman" prints authoritative reports from the most important booksellers in the United Kingdom, in which they give a list of the best selling books of the day.

Here is the amazing record of ALICE HEGAN RICE'S two books—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," first published in the autumn of 1902, and the companion book, "Lovey Mary," published in the spring of this year:

The Best Selling Books of the Month.

1902.		
Dec.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
1903.		
Jan.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
Feb.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
March	-	MRS. WIGGS.
May	-	MRS. WIGGS.
June	-	MRS. WIGGS.
July	-	MRS. WIGGS.
August	-	MRS. WIGGS.
Sept.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
Oct.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
Nov.	-	MRS. WIGGS.
Dec.	-	MRS. WIGGS.

In all

550,000

copies of these two books have been issued in Great Britain and the United States.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH,

BY

ALICE HEGAN RICE.

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.

5/-

1 LOVEY MARY, 1

BY

ALICE HEGAN RICE.

Illustrated by F. S. SHINN.

5/-

Published by
HODDER & STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

CHAMBERS' New Xmas Books for Boys & Girls.

Charmingly Illustrated by

LEWIS BAUMER, W. RAINEY, R.L., W. H. C. GROOME, R.B.A.,
PERCY TARRANT, HAROLD COPPING, ARTHUR RACKHAM, A.R.W.S., &c.

6s.

THE MANOR SCHOOL: A Girl's Story. By L. T. MEADE.
DID YOU EVER? Child's Coloured Picture Book. Written and illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.
"May be expected to set the nursery in a roar."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

5s.

A GAY CHARMER: A Girl's Story. By L. T. MEADE.
"Mrs. Meade is at her best and brightest. An ideal book for girls."—*Newcastle Journal*.
WALSH THE WONDER WORKER. By G. MANVILLE FENN.
"A graphic and exciting tale."—*Literary World*.
BRAINS AND BRAVERY. Stories told by G. A. HENRY, GUY BOOTHBY, J. ARTHUR BARRY, KATHERINE TYMAN, and Others.
"A handsome volume of stirring tales."—*Literary World*.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd., LONDON & EDINBURGH.

5s.

THE SUNSET ROCK. A Story for Girls. By MAY BALDWIN.
"Uncles with young nieces to provide for would do well to make a note of this book."—*Glasgow Herald*.

3s. 6d.

PETER THE PILGRIM. By L. T. MEADE.
"At her best in this arresting story."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

GAY. By the Author of "Laddie," "Tip-Cat," etc.

"Prominent parts are played by two of the most winsome youngsters who ever existed in fiction."—*The Lady*.

SIBYL; or, Old School Friends. By MAY BALDWIN.

"Interesting on every page."—*Daily Record*.

THE DAUGHTERS OF A GENIUS. By Mrs. G. DE HORNE VAIZEY.
"Very bright and natural."—*British Weekly*.

2s.
ANTHONY EVERTON. By J. S. FLETCHER.
"No boy will be able to resist the fascinations of Anthony Everton."—*Evening News*.

From ELKIN MATHEWS' LIST.

THE WINGLESS PSYCHE. (Essays.) By ROSEMARY ROBERTS. Author of *Hatched*. Marr. Pp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"The writing is supple and sparkling."—*Times*.

THE SEASONS WITH THE POETS. An Anthology. Arranged by IDA WOODWARD. Pp. 4to. 5s. net.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE. Ch. 8vo. Walk Life. By the late HENRY TREFRY DUNN. Edited and Annotated by G. A. HENRY. Pp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

NOTES FROM A LINCOLNSHIRE GARDEN. By A. L. H. A. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"The writer is evidently a keen observer of nature."—*Morning Post*.

THE GOLDEN HELM AND OTHER VERSE. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. Pp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"Words and thought move together in noble harmony, and the work is the outcome of passion and imagination controlled by a wise artistic restraint."—*Glasgow Herald*.

FIRE THAT SLEEP. By G. A. VS SCHUMACHER. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

New Volumes in the "Vigo Cabinet" Series.
BALLADS. By JOHN MASEFIELD, Author of *Salt Water Ballads*.

"Full of that grimness of adventure that comes nowadays to save romance from mere æthetical disquisitions."—*Manchester Guardian*.
"Brave ballads with a fine swing."—*Academy*.
DANTESQUES: A Sonnet Companion to the "Interns." By G. A. GREENE.
THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES, and other Verses. By ALAN EDGERTON.
London: ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo-street, W.

BUMPUS for BOOKS

Books for Wedding, Christmas, and other Presents.

Books in Handsome Bindings.

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD., Booksellers to H.M. the King, Supply Books from ALL the Publishers at 3d. in 1/- Discount from Advertised Prices, when not published net.

350, OXFORD ST., W. (next door to Marshall & Snelgrove's).

The FISCAL A B C

Supplies a Want.

It is a Valuable Guide to the Tariff Question.

Price 3d.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS.

FOR THE WINTER.



Special Rates for Exportation. Any Length Sold.



Patterns with Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists Post Free.

Egerton Burnett's Royal & Sergees

look well, last long, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, Purple, Cream, etc. Various Prices, and in Light Weights for Warm Climates.

Dress Fabrics, Reversible Tweeds, Blouse Flannels, Scotch Winceys, Warm Charity Undershirts at 5/9; Rugs from 3/3; Wool Shawls from 1/8; etc. Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Gentlemen's Suits from 35/-; Overcoats from 28/3; and Boys' Suits from 10/6 to measure.

No. 98.

From 30/-, to measure, with velvet collar.

Address: EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., M. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, Eng.



No. 187.

From 30/6, to measure.

THE MAYFAIR SHOE CO.

(Managing Director, ALAN McAFEE.)

9, Vere Street, London, W.

Next door to Marshall & Snelgrove's, Vere Street entrance.

Finest Stock of High-class Boots and Shoes in the West End at Popular Cash Prices.

Special Reduction on all Coloured Court Shoes this week only.

Practical and Experienced Fitters employed to design Special Models for Customers unable to wear Stock-fitting Goods.



No. 391. Black Box Calf, Brogue Oxfords, Smart Leather Heel.

21/- cash price.



No. 165. French Kid 1-strap Shoes, with Louis Heel.

16/9 cash price.

PURVEYORS TO THE KING

Crosse & Blackwell's Soups

IN GLASSES, TINS AND TABLETS

OF ALL GROCERS, STORES ETC.

OLD TEETH

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive the very best value should apply to the manufacturing dentists, Messrs. Brown & Co., 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS

The CONNOISSEUR

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.

SIX CHARMING PLATES PRESENTED WITH THE DECEMBER ISSUE.

1001

1/- Just Out. 1/-

Our special forecast for to-day is: squally westerly winds; rough and changeable weather, occasional heavy rain; rather cold.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.23.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all very rough.

342nd Day of Year.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1903.

23 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

The Daily Mirror.

1903-04.	December.	January.
Sun.	13 20 27	3
Mon.	14 21 28	4
Tues.	8 15 22 29	5
Wed.	9 16 23 30	6
Thurs.	10 17 24 31	7
Fri.	11 18 25	1 8
Sat.	12 19 26	2 9

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

During the past eleven months the imports and exports of the United Kingdom have shown an increase of about £10,000,000 each, but the returns for the month of November show that the decrease in exports is over £2,000,000, while the imports have increased by £3,000,000.

King Edward has carried off a good number of the best prizes at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show.—See page 7.

Mr. Chamberlain gave a farewell dinner yesterday evening at the Hotel Cecil to his late colleagues at the Colonial Office.

The King of Italy has conferred the decoration of Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy on Dr. James Donelan, attached to the new Italian Hospital in London, in recognition of his service in establishing the throat department.

At the Society of Friends' Mission Hall, Bishopsgate, last night, Mr. John Burns, M.P., characterised a municipality as a large domestic agency, and said that the ideal municipality would be an ideal home on a large scale.

The English Roman Catholic bishops have been called upon by the Propaganda at Rome to select another list of names for the vacant bishopric of Southwark. The news has caused a sensation, and the canons intimate that they will not accept a bishop who is not to their liking.

Mr. Herbert Cowley, who bought the Moat Farm at Clavering, the scene of the murder of Miss Holland by Dougal, has received 400 offers to buy or rent the property.

The Channel Fleet did speed trials in Arosa Bay yesterday, and coming home the Majestic did 17 knots in rough weather, overhauling the Jupiter in an exciting race.

The annual report of the Royal Female Orphan Asylum states that not a single legacy was received by that institution last year, which make further subscriptions necessary in view of the fact that it now maintains 150 orphan girls.

Dr. Lane Joynt, in handing over the Elcho shield, won for the tenth time by the Irish National Rifle team, claimed that Ireland should now have Volunteers.

Five thousand guineas was paid for the race-horse Bobinski at the first of the December Newmarket stock sales yesterday.

Christmas trees were arriving at Covent Garden Market yesterday. 2

Mr. Charles Manners, of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, has taken Drury Lane Theatre for three months—from the middle of May to the middle of August—next year, for the experimental production of English opera.

Political.

Respecting Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Leeds on December 16, the proposal to hold an overflow meeting at the Town Hall was confirmed yesterday.

Lord Londonderry, presiding at a conference of the Northern Union Conservative Association at South Shields yesterday, declared that the Prime Minister's was the only authoritative policy. Fiscal reform could not be a test question of Conservatism.

Mr. Bryce, M.P., addressing a large meeting at Aberdeen last night, said that retaliation was to be used by the Government like the drop scene of a theatre, and kept before the eyes of the spectators, while behind, the scene shifters were busy, and soon they would see a protectionist stage and protectionist actors.

Lord Selborne, speaking at Edinburgh yesterday, warned Liberal-Unionists to keep an eye on Home Rule. If a Parliament was established in Dublin it could only be changed by civil war. 2

Nominations for the Dulwich and Lewisham elections will be received on Friday next, and the polling will take place on December 15.

Social.

At noon to-day the King holds a Council to fix the period of the final prorogation of Parliament for this Session, and the date at which the Legislature meets for the despatch of business.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein drove from Cumberland Lodge last night to the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor, and took part in a performance given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society, singing in several part songs.

Mrs. Goelet, mother of the Duchess of Roxburghe, arrived at Plymouth yesterday from New York, and proceeded to Cherbourg for Paris.

Foreign.

The British members of Parliament and their friends arrived at Lyons last night, and were welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd.

Still more delay has occurred in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese question by the postponement of the meeting of the Japanese Diet from to-day till Thursday.

In response to a letter from the Princess Clementine, the King of Italy has sent £400 for the relief of the Macedonian refugees from Turkey.

Two of the Chinese reformers charged with sedition in connection with the "Supao" newspaper have been released, and the prosecution awaits instruction in the case of the other three.

The Somali Mullah has moved south, it is supposed, to get out of his awkward position between the British and Abyssinian forces.

It is announced from Belgrade that the special sale of the late King Alexander's horses, numbering 120, will take place on December 14, 15, and 16.

The new Spanish Cabinet contemplates bringing in a measure which will compel every elector to exercise his right of voting.

An international six-day cycle race was begun in Madison Square-gardens, New York, at five minutes past twelve o'clock yesterday morning.

The Romanic sailed from Boston yesterday on her first voyage in connection with the White Star new Mediterranean service, with 1,750 passengers.

In consequence of the recent disturbances provoked by the students at Warsaw and Kieff, both universities have been closed by the authorities until January.

Owing to the gale, the waters of the Adriatic have flooded the shores, and threaten to submerge the village of Caorli, near Venice.

Colonial.

The test match between Australia and England begins on December 11, and the team of the former consists of Clement Hill, Noble, Trumper, Duff, Kelly, Hopkins, Sydney Gregory, Howell, Saunders, Armstrong, and Laver.

The Imperial Government has given its sanction to the imposition of a hut tax of £1 per annum in Southern Rhodesia, being an increase of 10s. yearly. The present rate in the Transvaal is £2.

Another Transvaal editor has resigned. Mr. T. Scoble, author of "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism," has surrendered the editorship of the "Transvaal Advertiser," Johannesburg.

The report of the Australian Commercial Agent at Ottawa indicates that the Commonwealth of Australia will grant preference to Canada.

Law and Police Courts.

Lady Russell's divorce suit against her pseudo-prince husband, William Brown, it is said, will be undefended. The case will be heard to-morrow.

The Court of Appeal has ordered a retrial of the case in which Mr. Dodson, known on the stage as Alfred Kendrick, was non-suited in a claim for £432 from Mr. Forbes Robertson for alleged breach of contract.

At Liverpool Assizes yesterday, Thomas Metcalf, sixteen, was awarded £500 damages against the Blackpool Industrial Co-operative Society for the loss of four fingers in a dough-mixing machine.

John Hunt, a labourer, was sentenced to three months' hard labour at Alcester yesterday for shocking cruelty to a horse.

An order has been made at the King's Bench Division for the striking from the roll of solicitors of the name of Wm. Henry Miles Booty, who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey.

After a search of two months by the police, Charles Marchmont Richmond was yesterday placed in the dock at Clerkenwell Police Court, charged with embezzlement and forgery. Evidence of the arrest was given, and a remand ordered.

Court



Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Monday, Dec. 7.

The Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., Secretary of State for War, had an audience of the King this afternoon.

Herr Gottlieb's Viennese orchestra has had the honour of playing selections of music at Sandringham during the past week.

THE ALIEN PEST.

Striking Speech by a Minister.

A SPEEDY REMEDY?

Immigrant Nuisance in America.

The undesirable alien is so unwelcome a visitor that measures for repulsing him formed the subject of a large part of a speech delivered by the Home Secretary last night at Shoreditch, and also of a paragraph in President Roosevelt's Message to the United States Congress yesterday.

Mr. Akers-Douglas passed by an easy transition from the "dumping" of foreign goods to the "dumping" of aliens in Shoreditch and other East London districts.

This dumping, said the Home Secretary, was a growing evil.

Our total population at the last census was 41½ millions. Of these, 286,900 were aliens, an increase in twenty years of over 150,000. (Shame.) Of the 286,900, 135,300 lived in London, and 54,300 in Stepney.

In that district aliens had increased since 1881 by nearly 16,000. There were 4,600 in Bethnal Green, as compared with 925 in 1881.

The result was that we had overcrowding of an already overpopulous district, and a displacement of our native population.

The Criminal Alien.

Some of the aliens were hard-working, sober men, and he had nothing to say against them, except that he regretted that they might take the bread out of Englishmen's mouths. On the other hand, a great proportion of the crime of the country and of London was committed by aliens.

In 1901, out of 32 millions of natives in England and Wales, 166,000 were sentenced to imprisonment, while of the alien population 2,880 were sentenced. The proportion was .52 per cent. in the first case; 1.16 in the second.

In 1902 the number of alien prisoners rose to 3,466, an increase of about 50 per cent.

As these figures extended to habitual criminals stringent measures should be taken. Judges and magistrates complained of the time and expense wasted on criminal aliens, who he (Mr. Akers-Douglas) thought ought to be deported from the country.

The Government's Views.

A very strong case had, in the opinion of the Government, been made out by the Royal Commission.

He could not anticipate, nor say what his Majesty might state in his speech at the opening of Parliament, but he would give them an assurance that the consideration which the question was receiving from Ministers was being given with every desire to find a speedy remedy.

An Undesirable in America.

President Roosevelt told the undesirable immigrant one of the chief points of his annual Message to Congress yesterday. He spoke in his usual decisive way.

"It is necessary," he said, "to devise means to exclude undesirables entirely." As for desirable immigrants, steps must be taken to secure the proper distribution of them throughout the country.

Naturalisation frauds—a cognate subject—was also dealt with. Shameless forgeries and perjuries, the President said, were perpetrated, poisoning the sources of the national character and strength.

"THE DANCERS."

Their High Priestess Explains the Crusade Against "Solemnity."

The gay fantastic spirit which animates the newborn fellowship of "The Dancers" in their crusade against "solemnity" seems embodied in the person of Miss Florence Farr, the high-priestess—it were desecration to call her by the worldly name of secretary.

Dressed in a flowing gown of rose-red old-time silken stuff, her hair dressed high in a Spanish knot, and with the bearing of a damsel of the days of chivalry, the priestess entered the room where a *Daily Mirror* representative sat amidst Aubrey Beardsley posters, Morris curtains, and strange stringed instruments.

To be solemn is a sin in the eyes of "The Dancers," and though the high priestess tried

with due earnestness to expound the lofty aims of these twentieth century worshippers at Terpsichore's shrine, her rippling laugh seemed to belie the seriousness of her remarks.

"We supply a long-felt want," she began, with a desperate attempt to approach the renaissance of the spirit of old romance in a business-like way. "Hitherto there has been no organised troupe worthy to tread the mazes of farandola, pavanne, and gavotte, not to mention the forgotten measures of mediæval days. We hope to form a band of dancers and musicians practised in all the intricacies of the art, who will be ready to help the Stage Society and kindred spirits who want to give an old-world flavour to their productions.

"I have long cherished the idea, and it crystallised into reality when just for fun I drew up a prospectus and sent it round to a few friends. The appeal brought sympathetic answers, the rules attained the dignity of print, and behold us fully fledged."

Apparently the question of dress is still an open one.

The men struck at the beautiful and simple dress I suggested, but we may well suade them to relent in time. The women will be quite equal to providing picturesque contrasts, as they are, most of them, artists or art students. On Saturday all went off charmingly. Mrs. Bishop fired the lagging spirits by her vivacity, and for the joy she gave us by her 'orange' dance she received a wreath of laurel. We did not elect a governor. Elections and committees and such dull items will be banned. The ruling spirit is certain to find its way to the top without such 7 prosy devices.

"When Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch comes back we shall have a leader who will inspire enthusiasm and courage. Walter Crane was here, there, and everywhere on Saturday night, W. B. Yeats is with us, and a host of Slade School students, and many of the Pharos Clubites are ours, heart and soul."

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

The Tyranny of Trusts and Trades Unions.

President Roosevelt sent his annual Message to the United States Congress yesterday.

One of his main points (according to Reuter's summary) was a reference to the steps taken to provide supervision over the great trusts and corporations. "The corporation which is honest and fairly organised," he says, "has not to fear from such supervision. The lines on which Congress has proceeded have been sane and conservative, and publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation. About the welfare of the corporations which shrink from the light we need not be over-sensitive."

The tyranny of trades unions was another point touched. "Every man," says the President, must be guaranteed his liberty to do as he likes with his property or his labour, as long as he does not infringe the rights of others."

He recommended a Commission on the development of the American merchant marine and American commerce, and of a national ocean mail service, which should equal the best. He points out that lines of cargo ships are even more important than fast mail lines.

As regards immigration, it is necessary to devise means to exclude undesirables entirely.

The settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute had been highly satisfactory to the United States, and had furnished a signal proof of the fairness and good-will with which two nations could determine issues involving national sovereignty.

On the general subject of arbitration, the President says there has been a real growth among nations which will permit the gradual substitution of other methods than that of war, though it is not possible wholly to prevent war at present.

The President, after severe criticisms of the Army system, congratulates Congress on the steady building up of the Navy. "We cannot afford," he says, "a let up in this great work. To stand still is to go back." There should be no cessation in adding to the fighting strength of the fleet.

DEPARTING MISTLETOE.

Dickens must be turning in his grave, for from Covent Garden market comes the strange report that mistletoe is going out of fashion. The poor will have no money to spend on such luxuries this year, and the dwellers in flats and maisonnettes, and they are legion nowadays, already bump themselves against the furniture, and would bump themselves still more did they fill the already crowded space wherein they dwell with mistletoe and holly.

In all this pother nothing at all is said about kissing, but perhaps we are less backward than our grandfathers and need no bough of tempting white and green to swing encouragement.

THE JAPANESE DIET.

Thursday Now Appointed for the Fateful Meeting.

The formal opening of the Japanese Diet, on which so much depends, has been postponed to to-day, the date first fixed, to Thursday.

Meanwhile, public impatience in Japan is growing. Reuter says the Junior Anti-Russian League has petitioned the Emperor to hasten the solution of the questions between Japan and Russia regarding Manchuria and Korea, and a combined attack of the political parties will be made on the Government when the Diet meets.

There has been another conference between the Japanese Foreign Minister and Baron von Rosen, the Russian Minister, but no progress has been made in the negotiations.

Viscount Hayashi has furnished Reuter with a description of how the Japanese Parliament is opened. The Emperor drives to the House of Peers in a splendid State coach drawn by four horses. His Majesty is accompanied by the Ministers of State, in Court uniforms, in European style.

The Speech from the Throne, spoken from beneath a canopy, is short and concise, and after the Emperor's withdrawal a discussion takes place on the reply.

There is, however, no formal debate, and the replies, generally voted unanimously, are taken to the Palace by the Presidents of the Upper and Lower Houses.

According to a Peking telegram, China is negotiating a treaty with Russia, under which the latter will have a share in the government of Manchuria.

PURE BUTTER?

Experts Declare that They Cannot Define It.

What is pure butter? The experts, who constitute the Departmental Committee on Butter Adulteration, have just issued their final report, and admit that they have no exact answer to the question.

Though it is easy enough to distinguish between butter and commercial margarine, it is impossible to declare with certainty the presence of foreign fats in butter when these do not exceed five to fifteen per cent. "All the tests hitherto devised," say the Committee, "break down when the adulteration does not exceed this percentage."

The reason that the Committee give for their inability is that butter fat has no constant composition, and it is therefore not possible to argue, from a deficiency in the normal proportions, that the pure butter has been tampered with.

As it is impossible to be sure of the butter, the next best thing is to be sure of the margarine, and the Committee suggests, to this end, that the use of ten per cent. of sesame oil should be compulsory in the manufacture of the latter. By this means the adulteration of butter with margarine could be easily detected.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.

From the North of England came reports of snow and sleet storms, and, as for London, one was reminded of the wailer's question, "Thick or clear?" The streets were covered by a soup of mud that penetrated shoes and stockings and will cause a crop of colds. Most of the day it rained, and when it did not rain it tried to rain.

The Flushing to Queenborough packet was 15 hours behind her time, and entered harbour with reports of rain and sleet.

TRAGEDY AT A ROYAL SHOOT.

A remarkable, though unofficial, explanation is given of the supposed accident through which a shepherd lost his life by a shot from a gamekeeper's gun during a royal shooting party in Spain. It is said that the keeper shot the shepherd as the latter was aiming at a member of the King's household against whom he had a grudge. The King has been much upset by the incident.

WOMAN KILLED BY A CIRCUS LION.

Towards the end of a circus performance at Dessau, in Germany, the owner of the circus, Frau Fischer, entered the lions' cage to give an exhibition of lion taming. One of the lions sprang at her and struck her to the ground with its paw with such force that death was instantaneous.

The three other lions in the cage were only prevented from falling on the dead woman by the presence of mind of some keepers who kept them at bay with iron poles.

The woman's two children were among the spectators.

SLANDER ON THE TELEPHONE.

A Viennese telephone exchange girl is suing a subscriber, a well-known Austrian sportsman, for damages because in a moment of irritation (constant telephone users will understand the irritation) he accused her of not speaking the truth.

THE FLORA STILL ON THE ROCKS.

An attempt yesterday to haul the cruiser *Flora* off the rocks opposite Comose, British Columbia, was unsuccessful. Another effort will be made on Wednesday.

THE KAISER'S PROGRESS.

He Will Probably Spend Part of the Winter in the South.

It is probable that the Kaiser will attend, if even only perfunctorily, the hunting parties at Goehde on the 17th and 18th of this month. He is also likely to assist in the centennial jubilee of three regiments at Hanover. But, after these functions, it seems that his Majesty is bound for the South and sunshine.

Captain Usedom, commanding the Imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, received orders on Saturday to hold his ship in readiness for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The Kaiser had already given private orders to this effect.

It is now almost a certainty that the Kaiser will spend part of the winter at a southern health resort instead of facing the bleak airs of Berlin and the humid state of Potsdam. In all likelihood the yacht will take his Majesty on board at one of the Italian ports after the royal physicians have ascertained whether such a cruise would be beneficial.

His wound is now perfectly healed, and he takes daily walks in the woods that surround Potsdam.

THE ROMANCE OF PHILATELY.

Strange Histories of Rare Stamps now being Shown in London.

An exhibition of between 9,000 and 10,000 postage stamps, of the value of nearly £30,000, is being shown this week at the Albemarle-street Galleries.

Collectors will probably be chiefly interested in the 1840 Bermuda, with the signature of the postmaster. The only other specimen is in the possession of a French philatelist. The value of the New Brunswick issue of 1868 is due to the variety of the Colonial Postmaster-General, who adorned it with his own portrait. The issue had to be withdrawn, and the official was obliged to tender his resignation on receipt of an indignant cable from St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Errors and surcharges, if uncommon, greatly send up the value of a stamp. A unique specimen is in a block of sixty blue Maltese penny stamps. Tradition has it that a bullock wagon passing shook the type out of place, and the value appeared in one instance as "penny" instead of "penny."

As a royal portrait gallery the stamp show is worth studying. There is a bonny portrait of the King when a lad, in Highland dress, on a Canadian stamp, and one of Queen Victoria at her accession.

With one exception the older stamps bear the palm for beauty, the exception being the charming Newfoundland half-cent, bearing a most graceful picture of Prince Edward of Wales.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

The bulletin issued last night stated that the condition of Mr. Herbert Spencer showed further weakness.

LINER IN A COLLISION.

A collision occurred between the *Wilson* liner *Como* and the mail steamer *Polaris* in the Humber yesterday. The *Como* was cut down to the water's edge.

REGISTERING MOTOR-CARS.

Although the Motor-car Act does not come into force until January 1, the London County Council had announced that yesterday would be the first day for registering London motor-cars and their drivers, and in consequence there was a great rush to the offices. Three hundred applications had been received by letter in addition to those considered yesterday. Under the new Act every car in the country is to be registered with a county or borough council. The registration will cost 20s., and the licence to drive 5s., a year.

"OWNED BY JACQUES I."

M. Lebaudy, not content with attempting to obtain political recognition of the Empire of the Sahara, wants the Turf to accord him the honours due to a monarch.

The Paris "Journal" (says Reuter) states he has informed the French Steeplechase Society that his horses will, from January 1 next, be entered as owned by Jacques I.

PRIZE FOR A HALF-OUNCE FISH.

Izaak Walton would surely have felt that the "gentle art" had fallen on evil days had he seen one of the prizes in an angling competition awarded to the captor of a gudgeon weighing half an ounce! But such was the case at Walton-on-Thames on Sunday, where the first prize was taken by a competitor whose catch weighed only two pounds in all. The poor sport was due to the swollen state of the river.

HISTORIC CHAPEL'S MODERN LIGHT.

The Pyx chapel in Westminster Abbey, once the depository of the Scottish kings' regalia, and from which, in the reign of Edward I., £100,000 collected for the wars was stolen, is to be lighted by electricity and thrown open to the public.

"KING OF FORGERS."

Story of the Arrest of Schmidt and his Associates.

Since yesterday more news has come to hand concerning the arrest of Schmidt, alias Lieberman, Schwartz, and Davis, the "King of Forgers."

It will be remembered that Schmidt was the actual instrument of the Barmath forgeries, and that, by turning King's evidence, he escaped with a reward of £1,000.

Last August, Schmidt, who in 1895 had already made his escape while under arrest in America, left Belgium, where he had proceeded from England, and returned to the United States. The American police, however, had their eye on him from the moment he stepped on board.

Arrived in America, Schmidt soon found capitalists to finance him in a new series of forgeries. A house was taken at Revere, a fashionable suburb of Boston, and there, working with a plant described as "of the newest and most complete character imaginable," Schmidt set up his factory. The notes fabricated in Revere were to have been shipped to New York, where confederates would arrange for their proper distribution.

All was ready for operations on an unparalleled scale, when Schmidt, seized with panic, again informed his police. So far only about 600 dollars had got into circulation, though the plant set up was capable of issuing notes of the face value of 1,000,000 dollars a month.

The factory was raided in the nick of time, and Schmidt, whose evidence is immaterial to a conviction, has been imprisoned with his associates.

The Bank of England Story.

Inspector W. D. Flynn, Chief of the New York Division of the Secret Service Police, recognises Davis as an old friend whose brilliant gifts have frequently brought the pair into conflict. Davis or Schmidt or Lieberman has apparently forgotten wherever he has set his foot, and Inspector Flynn mistakenly suggests that the Bank of England paid him £1,000 to leave this country after the Barmath case; indeed, practically admitted itself at the mercy of the "King of Forgers." This the Bank has denied, adding that Schmidt's forgeries were easily recognisable to the expert. Schmidt certainly had one advantage over the common forger, for he could print the notes and put in the watermark at one operation instead of two.

Schmidt's work as an engraver is the finest that can be done. He copied Bank of England notes so successfully that even the most expert officials were deceived. However, he left out one mark about the size of a pin's head, and this caused the discovery of forged English bank-notes in New York in 1902.

Colleagues in Belgium.

"When Schmidt went to Belgium at the conclusion of the Barmath trial in London, he met several of the men just arrested, and learnt that they had formed a syndicate for the manufacture of bogus currency. They offered him inducements to come here. He came in August, money was supplied by the syndicate in abundance, and soon a fine plant was fixed up in Newark, New Jersey.

"Arrangements were made to manufacture millions in spurious notes, quickly sold them at bargain prices, and with the genuine money to flee to Europe.

"The conspirators bought a quantity of the Bond paper made by the Government manufacturer, as being the nearest approach to the Government article, and shipment of the paper to Revere, near Boston, showed where it was intended to make the counterfeit notes."

"The fact that Schmidt could do everything by himself was the secret of his success," said ex-Detective Inspector Davidson to an interviewer yesterday.

"The forger is a German by birth, about thirty years old, a small, slight man, with a reddish moustache and gold-rimmed spectacles, and not at all the kind of person one would associate with the undeniable genius which he has spent a great part of his life in missing."

"Schmidt, after the Barmath trial, said he would start a farm in Argentina, with the £1,000 he had earned. Since then he has evidently changed his mind.

EDALJI'S SENTENCE UNDER REVIEW.

The fate of the solicitor G. E. T. Edalji, now in penal servitude for cattle maiming outrages at Great Wyrley, was the subject of an application yesterday in the Lord Chief Justice's Court, which was asked to remove his name from the roll of solicitors. It was, however, stated that his recent conviction is under review at the Home Office, and the decision of the Court was accordingly deferred.

THE CLERK WALKED OFF WITH THE GOLD.

A newly-married clerk, employed by Messrs. Glover and Co., gas-meter makers, of King's-road, Chelsea, is sought by the police on a charge of robbing the firm of over £300 in gold.

The money had been brought from the bank to pay the hands; and had been made up into parcels for that purpose. The clerk obtaining possession of these, and putting them into his pockets, walked out of the office. The loss was discovered within a few minutes, but he has not been apprehended.

SIR J. B. MAPLE'S WILL.

After Lady Maple's Death £20,000 for Charity.

Details are forthcoming of the will of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, although it has not yet passed probate.

Pending the making of the necessary valuations duty has been paid on £200,000.

The furniture at Chilkewbury, Herts, and Clarence House, Regent's Park, are given to Lady Maple, together with the live and dead farming stock, but not the racing and brood stock. The Chilkewbury estate and Clarence House are allowed to Lady Maple for life, and after her death go to the Baroness von Eckhardstein, Sir John's daughter, and her children.

The trustees are to pay Lady Maple out of the income of the residue an annuity of £20,000 a year, and £1,000 a year to Sir John's mother, and there are also annuities for the trustees—Messrs. Arthur Bird, Richard William Evelyn Middleton, Charles Hodges, and Clare Henry Regnart.

At Lady Maple's death £20,000 is to be divided among charitable institutions in the metropolitan districts and the neighbourhoods of St. Albans and Harpenden. On her death also £300,000 is settled in equal shares on Sir John's sisters, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Colman, and their children. The will also contains directions to the trustees as to the completion of the rebuilding of University College Hospital.

The residue of the estate is settled on the Baroness von Eckhardstein.

FLOODS ON THE CONTINENT.

Reports of loss of life and great destruction to property by floods come from the Continent. There has been a heavy snowfall in Italy, and many rivers have overflowed their banks, children being killed through the collapse of houses. Amusing incidents were witnessed in Venice owing to the inundation caused by the high tide. People were carried through the flooded streets on the backs of porters, and steam launches, gondolas, and rowing boats were seen in St. Mark's-square. Fortunately the art treasures of the city have not been damaged, but a panic occurred among the congregation at the Church of San Giovanni, Paolo, owing to the sudden fall of a piece of marble on to the altar.

FORTY SOLDIERS POISONED.

At Cairo, some forty men of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment have been poisoned, says the "Egyptian Gazette," by eating contaminated food. Fortunately none of the cases are fatal, but a number of the men have had to go to hospital, and when the mail left were making satisfactory progress.

It is declared that the poisoned food was not part of the ordinary rations, and steps are being taken to ensure an inquiry into the circumstances under which this food was obtained.

A QUIVERFUL.

The "Vossische Zeitung" (Berlin) relates the almost unique case of a married couple at Leipzig, near Berlin, who in two years had seven children: Twins in 1902, twins last January, and triplets on December 1 last—all boys.

THE GREAT WHITE FIGURE.

In a corner of the Throne Hall of the Vatican stands a kind of confessional, surrounded by a grating. Yesterday, while the Advent sermon was being preached, a white figure appeared behind the grating, and the Cardinals and dignitaries, who were present immediately rose and took off their skull caps in salutation, for the half-seen white figure was the Pope. The same ceremony was observed when his Holiness, who did not show himself during the service, left the hall.

AN HISTORIC THUMB-MARK.

About a year ago a demonstration of the movement of the earth was made at the Pantheon at Paris, by means of a great pendulum which left tracings on sand. A plaster cast of the tracings has now been made, and will be preserved in bronze as a souvenir for future generations.

A curious fact is that besides the tracing of the pendulum there is also a conspicuous thumb-mark. It is that of M. Edouard Detaille, the celebrated battle painter, who had marked the sand with his thumb just before the cast was taken.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE GLOOM.

Markets were not so satisfactory yesterday. We are near the Stock Exchange Settlement, which commences in a few days. There were reports from money markets of an unsatisfactory character, American dealers on our gold being noted for their views on the political uncertainties in the Far East, there was little to cheer up the professional speculator. Consequently profits were taken, and there was even speculative selling for the fall.

This applied very much to all the markets, and in few directions was there a satisfactory tendency. Consols were adversely influenced.

American Railroad issues were disturbed by reductions in the rates charged for carrying grain, thus threatening reduced profits.

Canadian Pacific were put better, doubtless in preparation for the new bond issue imminent. Paris was not so cheerful to-day, and when the Paris Bourse is taking a gloomy view of things, it affects not only Foreigners, but American descriptions and Kaifers as well. In the Kaifer Market they were talking gloomily of opposition to the introduction of alien labour. Quite a reasonable amount of activity has sprung up in American brewery descriptions, as, from the reports published, the companies are evidently doing better than for some time past.

TRAGEDY OF A LIFE.

Lady Russell Once Again Seeks the Matrimonial Court.

"Her life has been a perfect tragedy." In these words Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., described the unfortunate matrimonial career of Lady Russell, who is instituting a divorce suit against her second husband, "Prince Anthrobold de Modena," otherwise William Brown.

It will be remembered how Lady Russell married Brown, who is a coachman, in the belief that he was an Italian nobleman. When the imposture was discovered Brown was charged with making false declarations, and directly after he was released from prison, said Mr. Deane, he commenced to assault the Countess. Now her health had given way.

Counsel's object in making this statement was to secure an early hearing of the suit, which is an undefended one, and would not, Mr. Deane said, occupy more than a quarter of an hour.

Lady Russell's health was now in such a serious condition that she must really be relieved of the anxiety of this case. The doctors all agreed that it was absolutely essential for the sake of her health that the case should be taken as early as possible.

Mr. Justice Barnes having asked for the affidavits to be handed up to him, and having perused them said the first did not seem to be strong enough. The second, however, made out that the lady was suffering from extreme weakness. What was the real trouble?

Mr. Bargrave Deane: Heart is the trouble, and the doctors do not think they can cure her so long as this is hanging over her. They want her to go away. Weakness of heart is a very serious thing, and is caused by worry.

His lordship, saying that from the second affidavit it seemed evident that the case should be disposed of early, appointed Thursday morning for the hearing.

OUT OF WHOSE POCKET?

When the question was raised as to who was paying the £2,000 damages and costs imposed upon Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, as a result of the recent action for libel brought against him by Dr. Bayliss, Mr. Coleridge stated that he was defraying all the expenses. On behalf of the society a statement was published that it had no intention of paying them.

This last was on December 1. The "Times" yesterday published a copy of a printed appeal issued by the society—on December 1—to its members asking them to come forward at this important juncture and help to defray these very expenses. The signatures of Lord Langatock, the president, the vice-presidents, and the chairman of the committee of the "Coleridge Defence Fund" were appended.

A JUDGE'S DISCLAIMER.

Speaking to the Grand Jury at Bristol Assizes yesterday, Mr. Justice Wills complained that he had been styled an advocate of "passive resistance" on the ground of some remarks he had made so far back as 1888, in connection with a trial of 5 rioters arising out of distresses for tithe.

The reports of this case, his Lordship said, were incomplete and inaccurate, and it had actually been stated that he himself had refused to pay the education rate. He had been misrepresented as the sympathetic advocate of perilous legal heresies, and as countenancing tactics with which he had no sympathy at all.

Fainting in Court.

Hysterics figured largely in a case at West London Police Court yesterday, in which a laundress was charged with stealing £10 worth of jewellery and other articles.

First the prosecutrix collapsed and had to be carried out of court by the assistant gaoler. He had scarcely returned when the prisoner fainted. She also had to be carried out. Both women recovered in a few minutes, but when the prisoner was remanded she fainted again.

TEN DEATH SENTENCES IN A MONTH.

At the Liverpool Assizes, yesterday, Harry Bertram Starr was sentenced to death for the murder of his wife at Blackpool. He was twice tried.

This is the tenth sentence of death which has been passed in this country since December 6. During the last six months no fewer than six soldiers have been executed for murder.

A GILBERTIAN COMEDY.

A comical scene was enacted at Croydon Police Station yesterday.

Two Polish Jews had been remanded on a charge of robbing a female compatriot of her purse, containing nearly £8. Five women entered, and excitedly in Yiddish each apparently claimed one of the two men as a husband. But which woman claimed which man was not clear. In bewilderment the police turned the visitors into the street.

GENEROUS ANONYMOUS GIFT.

A donor who wishes to remain anonymous has placed a sum of £2,000 at the disposal of the Rev. H. de Trevellec, curate in charge of Claygate, Surrey, for the renovation of Holy Trinity Church, Claygate.

HIS MAJESTY'S CATTLE.

Lord Rosebery's Great Show of Prize Pigs.

His Majesty the King came up from Sandringham yesterday for the purpose of visiting the cattle show at the Agricultural Hall. Many other less distinguished but equally enthusiastic farmers also found that their way led to Islington from every part of England and Scotland.

The Smithfield Club's annual show has always a comfortable, old-fashioned Christmas aspect; the roast beef of old England is so very much in evidence. The great fat cattle, the fat, comfortable, well-to-do farmer who prods the beasts and criticises in a deep-toned, friendly voice, are all redolent of good cheer and good will. It is the first, and in some ways quite the best, of Christmas shows. It is so British, too. At no other time and place does one see so many delightful types of countrymen congregated. There are two farmers talking who rightly belong to the early part of last century. Where did they come from? They wear new clothes of an ancient cut and curly-brimmed hats, and their accent is broad and unintelligible. Here a Highlander meets a friend from North Wales. They are old friends, and have met every year since their fathers brought them up as boys. And there, surely, is John Bull—no, Mr. John Jorrock. He always comes to the show, and his Majesty the King gives him an annual handshake. Happy John Bull.

The King's Prizes.

His Majesty, as chief farmer in the kingdom, carried off a great number of prizes in the cattle section this year. His Devon steers secure the first and third prizes, and a £25 silver cup also goes to the royal farm at Windsor. With Highland cattle the royal farms are again very successful, four prizes going to the King. In the Kerry, Dexter, and Shetland class the King also wins two seconds and two thirds.

And then pigs. Really the King never was better groomed or better conditioned pigs than those shown this year. There are silver-coated pigs, and white pigs with black spots, and coal-black Berkshires—shown by Prince Christian—every sort of pig; but the great wonder is their cleanliness. Lord Rosebery takes most of the prizes for pigs.

Two porcine prodigies have a bad time when the King comes round. Their proprietor is so anxious to show them off to the best advantage, he leaps into the pen, and lays around him wildly with his umbrella. The pigs grunt, and then bellow. The King laughs heartily. "Very good, very good indeed," he says.

Demonstrations of much interest in these days when most country women have their poultry farm will be given on Wednesday and Thursday. We can then learn the best methods of dressing and preparing poultry for the market and table use, and how to truss and bone fowls for roasting and boiling.

LORD ANGLESEY'S TOUR.

The Marquis of Anglesey's company is the attraction at the Folkestone pleasure gardens theatre this week. Last evening the Marquis appeared as Lord Goring in "An Ideal Husband."

Three first-class coaches, three large covered trucks containing personal luggage, and two pantechion vans with the magnificent scenery, formed the special train that brought the Marquis's retinue of nearly fifty persons, including valets and attendants, to Folkestone.

ELECTION IN A BELFRY.

Brightlingsea enjoys the novelty of electing its deputy-mayor in the belfry of the parish church tower.

The date chosen is the first Monday after St. Andrew's Day, and yesterday afternoon the jurats and freemen ascended the tower to choose a successor to Mr. W. Miall Green, of Kensington. Three newly-elected jurats held a private meeting behind an imaginary screen, the rest of the spectators being considered non-existent for the moment, and then it was announced that Mr. John Bateman, who some years ago presented the chain of office, consisting of silver sprats and 17 golden oyster shells, had been chosen.

A LOVER'S SUICIDE.

Girl Who Poisoned Herself After Losing Her Sweetheart.

The story of a tragedy following a broken engagement was told at the inquest on a servant named Annie Black, who had been in the service of a Mr. Sadler Long, of Maryon-road, Charlton. She died in the infirmary from the effects of taking hydrochloric acid.

She had kept company with a man named Herbert Hogben for nearly four years, but on Tuesday last they had a difference, and he told her they had better part. Afterwards, he told the coroner yesterday, he wrote her the following letter:

Dear Annie—The best thing we can do, I think, is to part, for we don't seem to get on at all well together. If we do part, don't let us part enemies, let us part friends, if nothing more, and try to get another partner. Don't be surprised, if you hear I have joined the Army, as my life is one bond of misery.

The coroner also read a letter from the girl, which said:

My Own Darling One—So you think that after going on to the fourth year we can't get on together, and I had better find another partner? Yes, I will find another partner—the one I always told you I should. You know what that is. You also know I don't blame you, and we will part as we did on Tuesday, when I asked God to bless you and wished you all the happiness that any young man can wish for. Since you left Massey-road you leave this out. So this is to be the end of all my happiness, and if in after years you ever have trouble, think of one who has suffered—Your broken-hearted Annie.

Apparently she wandered about on Shooter's Hill all Thursday night, and returned to her master's house in the morning, drenched and very ill, having taken poison. The jury returned the usual verdict.

THE NATION'S MOTHERS.

The Battersea Coroner declared at an inquest yesterday that thousands of children owed their death to the ignorance in feeding to which we, as a nation, must plead guilty. It was ignorance which might be dispelled by education. The infant whose death he was investigating received as its only food for three days 5½d. worth of Nestlé's milk. Previously its mother had obtained humanised milk from the Battersea Council's depot—the first municipal milk supply for infants to be provided by a London borough—and it did not agree with the child.

Simultaneously with this case comes the announcement that the district auditor has surcharged the expenditure in connection with the Battersea milk depot. The local Health Committee intend to appeal to the Local Government Board to sanction continuance of the expenditure, or, failing this, to introduce a Bill next session dealing with the matter.

A CAKE PALACE.

The Palais de Trocadero, at Paris, would be rather too heavy a load for a tea table. So would a model of it which has just been finished by a Leytonstone confectioner, for it weighs 1,100lbs.

It is made entirely of rich cake, sugar, and almond icing, with the exception of the gold leaf used for decoration, and some stained-glass windows in the dome. This magnificent edifice, as the architects say, has a frontage of six feet, and an elevation of four feet.

DEATH OF A DRURY LANE PANTOMIMIST.

"Little Zola," who was to have taken part in the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," was seeing his parents off to Manchester last evening at St. Pancras Station when he dropped dead on the platform.

HEAVY DAMAGES AWARDED.

At Dublin yesterday, Miss Josephine O'Brien, a dressmaker, who sustained injuries of a permanent character in a collision between two electric trams at Kingstown, was awarded £1,000 damages against the Dublin United Tramway Company.

MADE OUT OF THE WINE TRADE.

Mr. William Derry, who was thrice Mayor of Plymouth, has left £138,000 gross estate. This money was made out of the wine trade.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

DOG FINDS HIS DROWNED MASTER.

The captain and owner of the Southend smack Moss Rose, a young fisherman named Myall, fell overboard as sail was being hoisted preparatory to proceeding to the whitebait fishing grounds. He was drowned, and a search-party was guided by his dog to the spot where his body had been cast up on the beach.

CORRUPT MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

Grimbsy has acquired an unenviable reputation for corruption in elections. A petition by a Liberal candidate in the late municipal contest has been successful, the election being declared void. The case has lasted a week.

The Commissioner severely reprimanded an alderman, and reported a councillor for bribery. It is expected that the outcome will be the unseating of two or three councillors in one ward.

CORSETS SAVE A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Leeds weaver, named Goddard, quarrelled with a woman of his acquaintance, and meeting her subsequently, shot at her with a revolver. Her life was saved through the bullets being stopped by her corsets. In the dock yesterday the man said he would never take any more drink, to which Mr. Justice Darling replied, "You'll make a beginning by abstaining from it during five years' penal servitude."

LORD ABERDEEN'S STRANGE CONVEYANCE.

Lord Aberdeen drove up to his club in Edinburgh on Sunday morning in a milk cart. He had arrived by the London express about 7.30 a.m., which was probably too early for the modern Athens, for in spite of a search up and down Prince's-street, while he left his valet with the luggage, his lordship could nowhere descry a cab. Ultimately, seeing the man with the milk cart, Lord Aberdeen was very glad to obtain the use of this conveyance.

TWO BYE-ELECTIONS ON ONE DAY.

With two bye-elections to be fought next week, London will only have the excitement of one day's polling.

The writ for the election of a Parliamentary representative for Lewisham was received yesterday by Mr. Levett, the Returning Officer, and to-day week, Tuesday, December 15, is fixed for the poll. The candidates will be nominated on December 11.

Precisely the same dates have been fixed in the case of the Dulwich election.

LORD TOWNSHEND'S HEIRLOOMS.

Certain heirlooms belonging to the Marquis of Townshend are to be sold, Mr. Justice Farwell having made an order in Chancery permitting this. They have been at the family seat in Norfolk, Raynham Hall, for generations, and consist chiefly of pictures.

Mr. Justice Farwell pointed out that the Marquis did not ask to be relieved from disabilities incurred through his own extravagance, but came to the court and said it was inconsistent with the dignity of the family that he should be left without any income from the estates.

EXHIBITION OF PET RATS.

The popularity of the rat as a pet is rather puzzling. At a show of these animals at Cheltenham there were over sixty of the little rodents in all colours—black, white, grey, and gold-and-black. Some are valued at as much as £10.

Although there are several enthusiastic feminine mouse fanciers, the only lady exhibitor of rats is Miss M. G. Newall, of Cheltenham, who obtained several "very highly commended" cards at this show.

The judge, Mr. W. Maxey, contracted blood-poisoning from a bite given him by one of the interesting exhibits.

ACTRESSES OBTAIN DIVORCE.

Decrees of divorce were yesterday made absolute on the petitions of three well-known actresses.

The first was that of Miss Ellis Jeffreys (Mrs. Minnie Gertrude Ellis Curzon), whose marriage with Mr. Curzon, son of the late Earl Howe, is now finally dissolved.

The second was Miss Geraldine Umar, who charged her husband, Mr. Jelkin, better known as Ivan Caryll, with desertion and misconduct.

Miss Ethel Sydney, of the Gaiety Theatre, was the third petitioning wife. Her husband, Mr. Donald Hall, belongs to the theatrical profession.

RACING.

The Gatwick meeting to-day will probably escape the fate of Kempton Park on Saturday, and the following horses may prove successful:—Nobis, Steeplechase; Amethyst or Gainsborough; Rasper Hurdle—Ronald or Ormeau; Tinsley Steeplechase—Hugath Lath; Croydon Hurdle—Liberty Bird or Closure; Timberham Handicap—Acquisition or Abstinence; Pegasus Steeplechase—Mat-stalk or Expert II.

The annual December sales at Newmarket began yesterday, when the catalogue was the lightest of the week, its chief contents being the horses in training, the property of the Messrs. J. R. and Foxhall Keene, who are for the present retiring from English racing. Eleven of the twelve lots were disposed of. They realised a total of 15,151 guineas. The animal named Sweep, who had made a great impression when he finished second to Newshy at Kempton Park. But, who bid for him beyond 2,400 guineas, he was withdrawn.

Sam Darling, the Beckenham trainer, was the chief purchaser from the group, and it is understood that he was in each case acting for his patron, Mr. George Faber. He gave the highest price of the day, 5,000 guineas, for Belandini, a two-year-old, who ran second to Pretty Polly at Sandown Park in the summer.

To-Day's Arrangements.

The Court.

The King holds a Council at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Albany's reception at Claremont, to celebrate the betrothal of Princess Alice and Prince Alexander of Teck.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, opens the new outdoor department of the Sick Children's Hospital, Edinburgh.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Percival Wood, son of the Rev. Robert Wood, of Weyles, Godalming, and Miss Eleanor de Zoete, daughter of Mr. W. M. de Zoete, of Skearns, Roxwell, Chelmsford, at Roxwell.

Mr. William E. de Winton, of Graftonbury, and Miss Sybil Laura Edwards, daughter of the late Lord Kensington, and sister of the present peer, from King's Bromley Manor, Lichfield.

General.

Annual sale of the King's Christmas fat stock at Slough market.

Sir Squire Bancroft gives a reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" at Westminster School.

Mrs. Henry's Sale of Work in aid of the League of Mercy, 1, Porchester-gate, 2 to 7.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Duke of York's, "Lettie," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
Garrick, "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
His Majesty's, "King Richard II," 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.
New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 8.15 and 8.30.
Royalty, "Der Raub der Sabinerinnen," 8.15.
Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.
St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Wyndham's, "The Little Maid," 8.
Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.
Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.
Hippodrome, "Consul" and Varieties, 2 and 8.
Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

SCANDALOUS BOOKS.

THE PROTEST AGAINST THE CREEVEY PAPERS MEETS WITH AN INSTANT RESPONSE.

The letter we published yesterday denouncing the "Crevey Papers," edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, published by Mr. John Murray, and containing, among other scandalous matter, what purports to be an account of the circumstances of the marriage of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father and King Edward's grandfather, was evidently an expression of the feelings of a great many people.

We publish below a selection of letters and interviews on the subject of this and other collections of ill-natured tittle-tattle about royal persons, which have lately been growing more and more unpleasant.

A great literary authority said yesterday to a representative of the *Daily Mirror*:—"That letter in the *Mirror* was written by someone who had no knowledge of the period at which the 'Crevey Papers' were written.

"Your correspondent cannot have read the history and literature of the times.

"Why, even in the Life of the Prince Consort there are stories about this gentleman."

A VETERAN'S OPINION.

Another authority, whose age and experience of the world and intimate knowledge of early Victorian history command respect, took the same view as our indignant lady correspondent.

"I am astonished," he said, "at the publication of such stories by Mr. John Murray.

"It is very indiscreet, and will give great offence.

"Whether the particular story to which your correspondent referred was true or not, I do not know. I never heard of the existence of Madame St. Laurent, or any such person.

"If the Duke of Kent had a prior attachment, it must have been a very transitory one.

"He was a good soldier, a good husband, and a good father. The Duchess of Kent was devoted to him, and he was sincerely attached to her.

"It is true that, like many a good soldier of his time, he was heavily in debt. But every penny of his debts was paid by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, who revered the memory of her father.

"I have not read this book, but I judge from the reviews that it contains much that is interesting and much that is worthless.

"This man Creevey seems to have gone about gathering up all the gossip he could, and not caring much whether it was true or not.

"You will not find it popular to decry this sort of writing. Too many people live upon it.

"It is scandalous, detestable; you cannot say anything too strong about it."

OTHER SCANDALOUS PASSAGES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Please let me thank your woman correspondent for her courageous protest against the scandalous revelations of the recently-published "Crevey Papers."

I confess that I have been frankly horrified by the sort of gossip that fills a great many pages of the two volumes of the "Crevey Papers."

Take, for example, Thomas Creevey's account of the Prince Regent's life at the Pavilion in Brighton. The Regent had possibly no character to lose before the publication of these scandals, but I, for one, doubt if any public advantage is to be attained by dishing up again the unsavoury details of this discreditable episode in our history.

After all, the Regent was subsequently King of England, and English people at least should be jealous of the reputation of the monarchy.

I take a passage at random (pages 65-66, Vol. I.), describing a typical evening in the Prince's family circle. Mrs. Creevey is writing from Brighton to her husband in London on October 29th, 1805:—

When the Prince appeared I instantly saw he had got more wine than usual, and it was still more evident that the German Baron was extremely drunk.

Afterwards the Prince led all the party to the table where the map lies, to see him shoot with an air gun at a target placed at the end of the room. He did it very skillfully, and wanted all the ladies to attempt it. The girls and I excused ourselves on account of our short sight; but Lady Downshire hit a fiddler in the dining-room, Miss Johnstone a door, and Bloomfield the ceiling. . . . At last a waltz was played by the band, and the Prince offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quietly, and once round the table made him giddy, so, of course, it was proper for his partner to be giddy too; but he cruelly only thought of supporting himself, so she reclined on the Baron.

Smearing at Queen Victoria.

The Prince's relations with Lady Hertford and Lady Conyngham and the latter lady's establishment at Virginia Water are frequently alluded to in these pages, and with a complete absence of reserve. The private affairs of almost every one of our late Queen's uncles

are treated in the same scurrilous spirit. Even the Queen herself, highly as she was esteemed by Creevey, comes in for a taste of his peculiar quality:—

Now for her appearance. . . . A more homely little being you never beheld, when she is at her ease, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. She eats quite as heartily as she laughs. I think I may say she gobbles.

We have had enough of these scandalous books. They may be entertaining to the class of women who crowd into the gallery of the Divorce Court, but I am glad to think that the average woman has no taste for them.

ANOTHER WOMAN READER OF THE *Daily Mirror*.

NOT FIT TO LIE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I am very glad to see the letter denouncing the publication of a book which I quite agree "ought never to have been published."

Unfortunately, this is not the only book of a peculiarly unpleasant, and I cannot help saying, degrading character, which has lately issued from the press.

In the matter of novels, I have given up hope. Every second or third novel I pick up

has pages in it which make me decide at once that it is not fit to lie about in my house. Not only would I not allow my children to have their minds polluted and their imaginations stimulated in the wrong direction by such productions as I refer to, but I should consider that I had failed in my duty as the mistress of a household if I put such books in the way of my servants.

But, now, there is almost as much to complain of in books which are avowedly serious as in novels. I received among a batch of books from the library a few days ago one called "Victoria, Queen and Ruler." I did not look at the title page before I turned over some of the later pages of the book. When I did so it gave me a shock to find that it was written by a woman. There is one page in particular which ought to disqualify it from entering the house of any decent person. I refer to the chapter which is called "Brown."

It is bad enough that this Mrs. Crawford should revive antique spitefulness which impute to our late beloved Queen a petty parsimony which was certainly far from her nature. It is bad enough that all sorts of hearsay gossip should be dishied up afresh for the purpose of titillating the curiosity of scandal-mongers. But I cannot find words strong enough to express the disgust with which I, in common, I am sure, with every other woman who respects herself, have read the particular chapter which I name.—I am, yours truly,

E. M. O'M.

Barnes, S.W.

OUR HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

Those who would like £50 and some Radium should read this story and the instructions beneath it very carefully.

No. 1.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE TUBE OF RADIUM.

Mr. Golden Phipps was bored.

Not that it was a new experience for him.

When a man is 40, fat, and bald, with an income of £500 a day, and no real companion but his secretary, who plays Bridge abominably, he is apt to find life drag along with leaden feet, especially at twelve o'clock on a foggy December day.

Mr. Phipps had exhausted all the usual pleasures of the slothful rich; his palatial yacht lay listless at Nice; he hated the sight of a racing edition since his horses had placed him very near the top of winning owners for the year; he had been fined for furious motoring until he was tired; his private palace in Park-lane he had lent to a poor relative who lived in 2 of its gorgeous rooms; Monte Carlo appealed to him not—he could never go there without winning embarrassing sums; he had even found the details of the fiscal fight deadly dull. And 5 to make matters worse asparagus was only a guinea a stick, while for the finest suite of rooms in the Hotel Splendid, London, the courteous manager of the same could not find it in his heart to charge Mr. Phipps more than £20 a day, fire and light 32 extra.

Seventy Thousand Pounds an Ounce.

No wonder, then, that Mr. Golden Phipps was suffering from that dread disease which in the rich is known as *ennui*, and in the poor "the hump."

His superfluity of cash caused him to be known as "the eccentric gentleman with the strongly marked personality," whereas the somewhat seedy literary gentleman who occupied No. 79 and who wrote all night and slept all day, was known merely as a "crank." It was therefore with a sense of relief that the millionaire abandoned the reading of the morning papers to 14 welcome his immaculate secretary, guide and friend, Lord Egbert Mountjoy.

"Good morning, Mounty," he said. "I am delighted to see by your face that you have thought of something new. The world would be a dull place without you," and Mr. Phipps smiled benignly at his noble friend.

Lord Egbert admitted the soft impeachment with a bow. "I am late this morning," said his lordship, "and I was absent most of yesterday, but I think my excuse for being so is a good one. I have been all over London upon what I may describe as a most exciting treasure 6 hunt. After much difficulty I have succeeded in buying a pinch of what the whole world is in search of. I have much pleasure, Mr. Golden Phipps, in presenting you with a little bit of Radium."

The Great Idea.

"Radium, did you say 32?" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, holding out his hand for the treasure. "Do you mean that this is the wonderful metal, or something of the sort, which I understand costs £70,000 an ounce?"

"Yes, that's it," smiled his lordship, "but there is not an ounce of it in the world. I take it that this is the first time you have seen radium."

"Yes, it is," exclaimed the millionaire, looking closely at what appeared to him to be something like tobacco dust contained in a tiny glass tube. "Do you know anything about Radium, Mounty?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Phipps, neither does anyone else. People only know what radium does, and what beautiful effects are produced by particles of a grain of it. It is like nothing else in the world. I think it shows up best in a darkened room. Exhibited under these conditions, even a speck of radium will emit very strong and powerful rays of light resembling the sun-lit surface of a rippling lake. That tiny tube of it will shine brightly through a shilling's-worth of pennies with ease. And here is another curious thing—Radium is constantly giving off both light and heat, but its natural energies are never, under any circumstances, diminished one iota. I wish I

had a pound of it, though life, of course, would be impossible in its vicinity 79."

Mr. Golden Phipps leaned back in his chair amazed. He was particularly struck with the treasure he was holding in his hand, and turned it over and over again.

"But this," Lord Egbert went on, "is only the first step in a plan that I have devised for your entertainment. You, Mr. Golden Phipps, have still a little money that the income-tax commissioners did not get."

The wealthy man winced visibly. Even millionaires have their feelings.

Gold for Someone.

"What I propose," continued the secretary, "is that we—that is, you—set the whole country on a vast treasure hunt. It is my experience, since reading 'Treasure Island,' that there is nothing so fascinating as a search for hidden or missing gold. What I suggest is that we hide our treasure, not in the earth, but in certain newspapers to be selected by yourself. In these journals I propose to insert various figures which, when discovered and added together, will give a certain total. To the person who succeeds in arriving at this total and first communicates the same by post or telegram, you shall present a golden award. Then from our present headquarters we shall be able to watch one of the most amusing treasure hunts ever devised. I venture to think, my dear friend, that it will prove a diversion even to so blasé a man as yourself."

The modern Cæsar looked up at his friend and smiled. "Go on," he said. "Well, then, to continue, as the first day's award I would suggest the tube of radium which you are now holding in your hands, plus the sum of £50 in 99 cash.

The idea evidently appealed to the millionaire. "Excellent, my dear Mounty," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with almost childish 14 delight. "If you progress at this rate you will soon be earning your salary. But," he added doubtfully, "though you have produced what promises one day's diversion, there are, I might remind you, six working days in every week."

"I have already thought of that," answered Lord Egbert, "and for to-morrow's treasure hunt I propose to provide what I will call 'The Adventure of the Unknown Name.' But of this I will speak anon."

HOW TO SECURE THE RADIUM AND THE GOLD.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described above, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous 39 wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date (December 8th) will be found a number of numerals. These figures have been inserted without any particular method. They will be found in paragraphs, news, advertisements, and some, obviously, may be detected herewith. When discovered and added together these figures produce a given total. The treasure hunter who first communicates this total to us by wire or postcard will receive the precious tube of Radium and £50 in gold. Entries must be addressed, "RADIIUM," *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and they may not be left by hand. In the case of telegrams, the time at which the message was handed in will be considered as the time of its receipt by us.

In the event of no correct solution being received, the award will be added to the second treasure hunt. Entries can only be received on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision will in all cases be accepted as final. Of course, no one connected in any way with the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete. Sums of money should not be included to-day.

(Another Hidden 19 Treasure Story to-morrow.)

IDEAL DIETS.

VI.—THE FIGHT AGAINST FAT.

By A DOCTOR.

IN nearly every case the occurrence of obesity means a disproportion between the intake of food and the output of energy. The income is too large in some cases, the expenditure too small in others.

The cases in which there is an actual incapacity to burn up even a moderate amount of food are extremely rare, and need not be discussed here. As a rule, the patient who becomes fat, whilst declaring himself or herself to be a moderate eater, is self-deceived.

One important warning must be included here. It is not wise or safe to attempt to treat obesity in the very old by a free cutting down of the diet, for their strength may be dangerously reduced. The very old must not regard the following as applicable for their self-treatment.

"Banting."

The oldest of the accepted "systems" for obesity has already been alluded to. It was devised by William Banting for his own case. For breakfast he took four or five ounces of any meat or fish but pork and goose, a large cup of weak tea, and a little biscuit or toast; for dinner about the same quantity of lean meat or fish, any vegetable except potatoes (which are practically nothing but starch), a little toast, some fruit, game, or poultry, and a little wine; for tea some fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea; for supper three ounces of lean meat or fish, and a glass of claret.

Let me note here that bananas do not count as fruit, and that mackerel, salmon, and eels are not to be admitted under the heading of fish.

Let us particularly observe the things omitted from this diet. They are bread, milk, butter, beer, sugar, and potatoes. As long as the kidneys are sound the system of Banting is heartily to be recommended. It must be noted, however, that the quantities given above constitute a starvation diet, which should only be carried on for a few weeks at a time, and under careful supervision.

One of the devices to be employed in fighting fat is to avoid too great variety in the diet, as that tends to increase the appetite. Similarly spices, condiments, and other "appetisers" should be used very sparingly. Saccharine must be used instead of sugar; milk must be used in moderation, and puddings must be refrained from altogether.

Fluid and Dry Diets.

Bread should only be allowed in the smallest possible quantities, and should be of the coarsest sorts, containing much bran—such as Graham bread—since a given bulk of such bread contains a minimum of nourishment. Carrots, parsnips, turnips, and potatoes are undesirable, but green vegetables and mushrooms may be taken, and their large bulk is useful in relieving the appetite.

Fresh fruit is permissible in moderation, and may be stewed and sweetened with saccharine. Made dishes, thick soups, sauces, and pastry are to be prohibited.

As to whether the amount of fluid should or should not be reduced in obesity authorities have long differed. It seems, however, that the mere bulk of fluid taken does not much matter either way, except that the taking of a considerable quantity is desirable when Banting diet is being used, as it tends to aid the action of the secretory organs.

But the circulation is often weak in obesity, the heart being flabby; and in such cases it is highly desirable to have a dry diet, which is much less tax upon the heart.

Sweetened effervescing waters, such as lemonade, are undesirable. Tea and coffee may be taken, but without milk or sugar; and cocoa contains so little nutriment that it need not be forbidden, especially as it often diminishes the appetite for solid food. The alcoholic beverages taken by Banting would better have been avoided, as alcohol prevents the consumption of fat in the body; and therefore tends to aid in its accumulation. Especially should all strong and sweet wines, liquors, and malt liquors be avoided.

Too Long in Bed.

Obesity is essentially—except in the case just mentioned—a dietetic disease to be met with dietetic treatment. But there are certain aids which may be mentioned. The stout person is very often middle-aged, and has ceased to take as much exercise—has ceased to need as much food, that is to say—as formerly.

Stoutness makes exercise a burden, of course, and so adds to the difficulty. But the overwhelming majority of stout people should force themselves to take more exercise than they do, whilst careful to relieve the appetite thus produced by a diet in accordance with the principles above described. And it is also the fact that a great many stout persons spend too long in bed.

If they reduced their sleep by an hour or two they would coincidentally reduce their weight. I do not want unduly to emphasise this paragraph, remembering Professor Burney Yeo's opinions—which have been carefully consulted in this article—that the essential treatment of obesity is dietetic.

RADIUM FOR THE QUEEN.

A Christmas present has been purchased for the Queen which is hardly likely to be duplicated, though that almost always happens whatever one may give to any member of the Royal Family.

This present, which is sure to give great pleasure to her Majesty, is one of the new spinthariscopes containing a tiny piece of radium. Mounted in gold and enclosed in a charming leather case, it is a truly royal-looking gift.

Scientists are not the only people interested in the new discovery. So much excitement is felt about it in society that on Friday night Mr. Gillett is giving a big dinner-party, which will be followed by an exhibition of radium.

Queen Alexandra still keeps up the custom in the Danish Royal Family of making presents to all her relations at Christmas time. Her Majesty also has a huge Christmas tree erected in the ball-room at Sandringham, and a toy for each of her grandchildren is hung on it, which she distributes to them herself when they call on Christmas morning.

The Princess of Wales will visit all the interesting places within driving distance of Iwerne Minster during her visit to Lord and Lady Wolverton, as she is genuinely fond of sightseeing and her hostesses, of course, always try to show her as much as possible. Sometimes the Princess is more energetic than her entertainers. On one occasion, when staying with Lady Cadogan in Dublin, she insisted on descending to the vaults of an old church, where, owing to the peculiar properties of the earth, bodies buried one hundred and fifty years are preserved and shown in glass coffins. Lady Cadogan reluctantly accompanied her royal guest, but was somewhat upset by the ordeal, and declared nothing would induce her to repeat this expedition.

It must be very bad weather indeed to keep people indoors nowadays, for yesterday I saw really a great many people in town. At Willie's there were a number of little luncheon parties. One was given by Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who looked very nice in prune-colour, with a hat to match, and a sable cape. Mrs. Menzies, in black with a brown hat, and Miss Muriel Wilson, looking very handsome in mouse colour, with purple grapes in a brown hat, as well as Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, in a dark velvet dress, were also of the party.

Lady Yarborough, entirely in black, was at a table close by with Lord Yarborough. The Duc d'Albe, Colonel Davidson, Mr. Milner, and Mr. Stanhope were some of the men there.

Although Lord Iveagh's princely public gifts are widely known, few people are aware of the many kind things he and Lady Iveagh do privately. The latter shows keen sym-

pathy with the sick, and on one occasion, despite the danger of infection, sent her own carriage to take a girl suffering with diphtheria to the hospital. Hundreds of men are employed in Guinness's Brewery, and all these, with their families, receive medical attendance, medicine, and everything ordered by the doctor, at Lord Iveagh's expense. In his younger days the latter worked as hard as anyone in the office attached to this vast business; but of late years he has resided little in Ireland, though his houses there are always ready for occupation. Two or three years ago he added a magnificent ball-room of white marble to his Dublin residence.

Lord Enniskillen is still at Colonel Hall Walker's place at Tarporley, where he has been lying ever since his accident, having suffered acute nervous prostration from the shock he received when, returning from hunting, his horse collided with a carriage. He is now very much better, and hopes to be able to leave Tarporley this week.

Disquieting accounts of the aged Lord Leicester are being received again by all his relations. Past eighty, he has ever been the haldest and heartiest of country gentlemen. He was for many years amongst the best-known of the great English peers and landed magnates, and a yearly entertainer of royalty and the great world at his splendid Norfolk home, Holkham. But for ten years past he has lived there exclusively, hardly leaving it for a single night, and even his seat in the House of Lords has not seen him for a long time.

For many years the King and Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, invariably spent at least one week of the winter for Lord Leicester's first "shoot" (then reckoned one of the best in all England), at Holkham. As Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, and as a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Leicester has always been one of the most intimate and trusted friends of the King.

My Dublin correspondent writes:—The Lord Lieutenant and Lady Dudley are once more established at the Viceroyal Lodge, and small dinner parties have been the order of the week. The dinners at "The Lodge" are much less formal, and consequently much pleasanter than the elaborate functions at the Castle, where the Viceroy takes up his residence just before the first Drawing-room of the season.

The breach in the Irish party widens. It is said that an effort will be made to oust Mr. John Redmond from the chairmanship of the party. Mr. Sexton, who is his chief opponent, just now enjoys the well-paid dignity of editing "The Freeman," and is believed to have sufficient capacity to edit Ireland. When a suitable opportunity offers his friends hope to see him guiding the country as Permanent Under-Secretary.

It is probable that in the near future Sir Antony MacDonnell will resign this appointment. In coming to this country he was actuated by a desire to put his services at the disposal of the Government in the preparation of the new Land Bill. It is possible that the comparatively subordinate position which he occupies may be uncongenial to a man who



MISS FLORENCE FARR.

The High-Priestess of the Anti-Solemnity League, a society formed to encourage light-heartedness among its members.—See Page 3.

has filled the highest offices of State in India, where he had come to regard his fellow creatures from a somewhat autocratic point of view.

Small in stature, but big in intellect, Sir Antony is an interesting personality, and a statesman in the best sense of the word. He recently proved his devotion to Ireland, his native land, by declining the governorship of Bombay and £11,000 a year, feeling that his services would be more useful in Ireland at the present juncture.

Sir Horace Plunkett has left for America to visit his property there, and he intends remaining away for some months. His book is to be published about Christmas, and it is hinted that, warned by recent experience what a controversial hurricane arises when a new book on Ireland appears, he has wisely fled from the wrath to come.

Sir Horace has not disdained feminine in-

spiration, and in the chapters on social Ireland more than one lady of title has given him the benefit of her advice and experience.

At a time when the policy of "Coddle" is carried to such an extent by Government departments in relation to industrial ventures in Ireland, it is refreshing to find independent effort achieving good work.

Scarcely a year has elapsed since Miss Purser, the well-known portrait painter, started her stained-glass works in Dublin. Yet so successful has she been in mastering the craft, and in training her apprentices, that already she has executed commissions for six memorial windows in various parts of Ireland, while she has a number of orders in hand.

Miss Purser will have done much for her country if she succeeds in keeping in Ireland even a portion of the £37,000 which is the approximate sum we send annually to Munich to purchase horrible travesties of stained glass.

The Hans Andersen Fairy Tale Bazaar at the Portman Rooms, next Thursday, promises to be a great success. Lady Marjorie Greville will impersonate the Good Spirit of Christmas Gifts, and, aided by Lady Marjorie Manners and Miss Viola Tree, will preside over the Big and Little Claus stall.

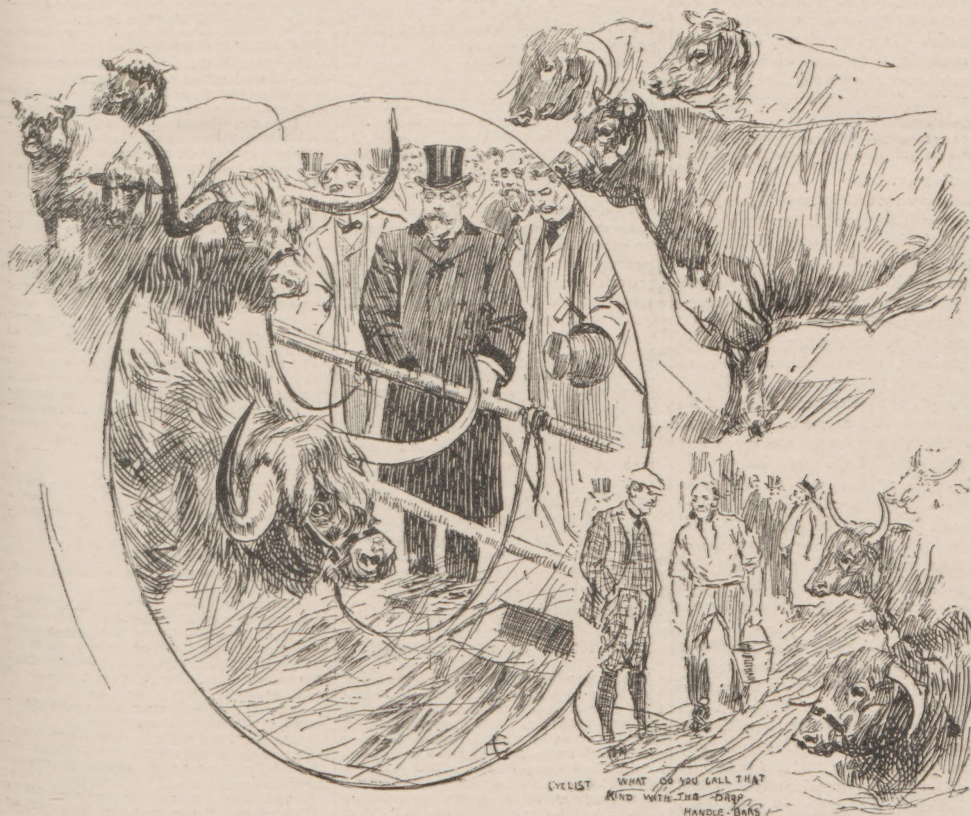
Imperialists are born, not made—it is all a matter of the size of the spirit! And if ever a woman was born an Imperialist that woman is Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, the promoter of the movement for forming a women's branch of the Tariff Reform League. Breadth of view is a natural instinct with her, and closely allied to her warm, quick sympathies is her sane, clear judgment that runs neither to the hysterical nor the morbid.

She has the gift, rare among women, of organising on broad lines, hence her splendid successes in the South African expansion work, for which she administered the "Women's Emigration branch," specialising under the "Lord Milner Scheme for Domestic Servants"—the formation of that social club that made their stay in England so infinitely more enjoyable to the Colonial soldiers during the Coronation season; the inauguration of the Ladies' Empire Club for the entertainment of colonial visitors during that same season; then the work of the Union Jack Club which is now promoting, and finally this new scheme.

In person Miss Brooke-Hunt is tall, rather dark, graceful, and always exceptionally well-dressed—a point not at all lost on Tommy Atkins who is rather accustomed to finding his philanthropic friends more than a little indifferent to outward charms.

She gets through an enormous amount of real hard work in the cosiest of pink-and-green sanctums in a flat at Albert-gate-court, where she lives with Mrs. Brooke-Hunt. Just now that little sanctum is duly modernised with a free scattering of fiscal books. It is no small tribute to her personality that those who have had experience say she is charming to work with and to work for!

Lord Howard de Walden is having a magnificent ceiling painted for the hall of his Belgrave-square house by Mr. Sauber, an Austrian artist, who has already been engaged for two years on the work, and who, by way of relief, paints a portrait now and again.



EVERIST WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT KIND WITH THE BARE HANDLE-BARS

THE KING AT THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW YESTERDAY—A Few Impressions.—See Page 5.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.

TONIGHT, at 8. Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.

TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. (LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS) MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner, ten to ten)—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER.

TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MONSIEUR BEAUCRETE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. SPECIAL MATINEE TO-MORROW (Wednesday). Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

SHAFTESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.

WILLIAMS and WALKER. in DAHOMY. The only real cake walk.

MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY. 8.15

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, ALEXANDRA THEATRE.

STOKE NEWINGTON. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JAN. 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels in any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

TROUBLE, time and temper savers, "Hinde's" delightful little wavers.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style cutture.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Undetectable by one's best friend.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—On Nov. 30th, probably in Bond-street, or in a cab, a diamond heart locket, with sapphire in centre. Please return to Lady Vivian, 11, North Audley-street.—Reward.

FAN, black ostrich, lost in cab between Strand and Drury Lane Theatre. Reward.—Write Eccles, Victoria-road, Surbiton.

DROPPED on Wednesday, between 3.30 and 4 p.m., in Edgeware-road, opposite Garrison's, a lady's silver belt.—Apply 58, Edgeware, Wimbeldon.

DOG LOST.—Thursday evening, Dec. 3rd, near Reigate a Black flat-coated Spaniel bitch, possibly wandered some distance. Anyone taking it to Police, Betchworth, will receive 10s. reward.

THE SUCCESS OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

SEASON.

"FLOWER PETTERS."

THE NEW SONG,

by

CHARLES WILBEY,

Composer of

"THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN."

Of all Music Sellers, and

THE JOHN CURRIER COMPANY,

8, Argyll-place,

London, W.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY

YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way for the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSENBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers, 115, WESTBOURNE GROVE, W., and branches. Corsets made to measure in three days from 31s. 6d. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

HILL'S PERFECT SKIN NOURISHER

insures a lovely complexion and plump, firm flesh. Removes wrinkles, and fills out hollows. No expensive fees. Perfect home treatment. Full instructions with bottle containing sufficient for two months' treatment. RESULTS GUARANTEED. Sent under plain wrapper. Mention this paper, and 5s. 6d. Postal Order will bring you 5s. sample Bottle.

HILL and CO., 5, Little Trinity-lane, E.C.

BIRTHS.

GRAHAM MENZIES.—On the 5th inst., at 6, Hereford-gardens, W., the wife of W. D. Graham Menzies, of a son.

HODGSON.—On the 4th inst., at Rowden-hill, Chippingham, Wilts, the wife of Percy Frederick Hodgson, of a son.

SCOTT.—On the 3rd inst., at "Seaton May," Dartford, the wife of George Scott, of a son.

SEALY.—On Nov. 30, at the R.M. Academy, Woolwich, to J. McQ. Sealy, Royal Artillery, and Dorothy, his wife—a son.

MARRIAGES.

NOVIS-TUNSTALL.—On Dec. 1, at St. John's, Upper St. Leonard's, by the Rev. Canon Jones, Thomas Shepherd Novis, Captain I.M.S., 2nd, Bo. Lancers, eldest son of Thomas Ayer Novis, of Tontenden, to Margaret Anne, youngest daughter of the late Captain Anthony Tunstall, of Brighton. (Indian papers, please copy.)

PAYNE-HOWE.—On the 5th inst., at St. George's, Hanover-square, W., by the Rev. R. Goldney, Ernest Le Pyre Payne, M.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P.Lond., L.S.A., eldest son of the late Chas. H. Payne, M.D., of Wimbledon, to Helena, daughter of the late George Howe, of Brooklands, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

DONNET.—On the 3rd inst., at 5, Park-road, Bognor, the wife of Sir James Donnet, K.C.B., in her 73rd year. R.P.

DYKES.—On the 3rd inst., at Rye, Sussex, from a gun accident, Oswald Cheney, fourth son of J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge.

LANE.—On Dec. 4, at Downfold, Guildford, Arthur Forbes fourth son of Col. Clayton T. Lane, aged 25 years.

RICHARDSON.—On the 2nd inst., Marian Emma, widow of John Richardson, of the Oaks, Dalton, Cumberland, in her 76th year.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
43 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 330 and 1319 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Taibout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year 39s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, The *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on flyleaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Living upon Garbage.

"You will not find it popular to decry this sort of writing," said a venerable apostle of decency to a representative of the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "too many people live upon it." We do not care whether it is generally popular or not; or how many people live upon it. We believe we shall have the sympathy of many readers of this journal at least in decrying the publication of scandalous tales about the doings of persons of this day or persons of days not further removed than the last century. The tone of society has doubtless been lowered of recent years by the scribbling of many pens and the making of many books; but for our part we do not see why we should be consenting parties to the further lowering of it. And lower it must become, unless the voice of the Press is raised in protest against the publication of such documents as the Creevey Papers.

For what reason has this industrious chronicler of the malicious backstairs gossip of Georgian days been given the imprimatur of such a house as Murray? The man was a creature who plumed himself on the possibility of a post mortem celebrity due to the publication of his kitchen tales at some date when they could no longer be disproved. He was a Whig, but no statesman; a writer, but no litterateur. His more decent stories may add something to our knowledge of life and manners in the Georgian era, but his scandalous tales do not. We cannot therefore accept the excuse that the stuff was valuable for the sake of the writer, or for any light it may throw on the lives of bygone heroes and statesmen.

Such an excuse might serve in relation to events which happened before the days of our grandfathers. But even if it existed it could not be held to atone for the ever-able taste which has permitted the publication at this date of the Creevey Papers. Consider it as a personal matter. Would anyone care to see in print, accessible to any reviewer, anyone with a guinea to spare, or any library reader, the history, true or not, of the debts and liaisons of his grandfather? Of course he would not. Then why serve up such a story as that of the late Duke of Kent, the grandfather of the King? Is it to be excused because he was a notable personage, and the father of our late revered Queen? Surely that is an aggravation of an offence which would be none the less an offence if he were the father and grandfather of the humblest citizens in the realm.

Nor can we find palliation of the offence in the fact that other scandalous records have been published before. That there are things in the Greville Memoirs which would have been better left unsaid, adds nothing to the defence of the Creevey Papers. No; we fear that the publishers have fallen into an error which distinguished men in the world of letters are often ready enough to ascribe to humbler writers for the

daily and weekly Press. They have overstepped the boundary line which separates literature and mere sensational book-making. And not the least regrettable fact in connection with it is the circumstance that one offender makes many. The decorous publisher who stops short at the recital of the scandals of our grandfathers is succeeded by one, more daring, who deals with the doings of a later generation. And so on, until the breath is hardly out of the body before the malicious stream of gabble and gossip begins to flow.

The Farmer's Wife.

Mr. Giles and his friend Mr. Hodge are traditionally in town during Cattle Show week. The usually adequate seats on the top of the 'buses that plunge through London mud towards Merrie Islington groan unseen beneath the expansive and jovial persons of those ambassadors of agriculture. The theatres—those, at least, where broad farce is the fare—achieve a sudden prosperity. The very pickpocket treads the pavement of Upper-street with a lighter heart; and the three-card professor has cause to take a roseate view of life, even through the atmosphere of a "third smoking."

But where is Mrs. Giles? Where is Mrs. Hodge? She is not here to receive either a bright or a guileful welcome. We think she ought to be. So far as the holiday is concerned either lady probably needs it far more than her husband. Suppose we go so far as to take it for granted that he is an honest-hearted, industrious fellow. His work even so is something very like a continual round of jaunts. At any rate, most of the market towns his little trap takes him to have memories that would belie the contrary; for market-day is seldom an idle one at the "Coach and Horses." But the farmer's wife knows nothing of these junketings, save what she guesses from the condition of her lord upon his return. Her work keeps her within the farmyard gate, and actually indoors to a far greater extent than many a town-lady would consider good for her health.

Probably, therefore, if the farmer's wife came to town, she would present little of the vigorous contrast to the Cockney that her husband displays. We should see her, for the most part, sallow, worn, and anxious. The burden of "agricultural depression" has fallen upon her more, perhaps, than upon anyone. She has to apply that business head of hers very closely to the problem of making both ends meet. Indeed, her ingenuity is often the one hope for the future finances of the farm; and in many cases it is amazing what little fortunes are made out of the possession merely of a rickety old farmhouse, by the patient shrewdness of the farmer's wife.

Above all, it is the farmer's wife who lets the rooms or possibly the whole house, for the summer. The tourists, the motorists, the cyclists, the artists, the naturalists, the faddists—like the "blind mice" of harmonic fame, they "all run after the farmer's wife." She wonders, perhaps, at first at their enthusiasm over the clumsy old furniture, the worm-eaten beams across the ceiling, the plain bread and homely cake, the "chicken" that crowed in the morn and decorates the dinner-table at eventide. But after a time her business instincts get the better of her amazement, and she runs the very dilapidations of the place at a profit.

Indeed, such is her astuteness that it is whispered the good wife at a lonely farm, far from the madding crowd, is in the habit of importing from a well-known London firm specially poor furniture, which is instantly snapped up by the summer's guest as a "piece of real old Chippendale I picked up in a farm kitchen for a mere song, you know." If that particular chattel is replaced from the same source the summer after, who shall blame the farmer's wife? Probably London gets the money back next Cattle Show week by similar means, if through a different channel. But one feels that if Mrs. Giles or Mrs. Hodge were of the party, even that might cease to be.

247 MILES IN 281 MINUTES.

The steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm, which left New York at 4 p.m. last Tuesday, landed 1,165 bags of mails at Plymouth Dock at 1.25 p.m. yesterday. They were despatched from Plymouth by a special train which left the Great Western station at two o'clock and reached Paddington Station at 6.41 p.m., the journey of 247 miles being performed in 4 hours 41 minutes. The first consignment of mails left Paddington for the G.P.O. at 6.48 p.m.

CHEATING AT BRIDGE.

A MAN SAYS WOMEN ARE MORE DISHONEST THAN MEN.

SOME SWINDLES PRACTISED EVERY NIGHT.

By HILL ROWAN.

Is a woman less scrupulous than a man? I labour under the disadvantage of being the latter. I am open to correction if I am wrong. But I maintain that the rough-and-tumble of life would be unendurable to even the most unprincipled man without a certain rude code of honesty, which the woman does without.

I am at least positive that card-sharpping is being widely practised by the lady Bridge-player. No doubt her hand is too small to "palm" a card with comfort, but the wide sleeve, the full skirt, the "revers," the belt, the low evening-dress, afford cover for secret pockets. She has quickness and knowledge of human nature. As a confederate or decoy she is immensely superior to a man.

Of card games Bridge gives the least opportunities for swindling; Baccarat the most. The modern sharper has largely discarded sleight-of-hand. People know too much about it. He uses mechanism of amazing ingenuity and perfection to remove from the pack—or "hold out"—the highest cards.

Bridge requires the whole pack at a time. Nothing can be "held out."

The Marvels of Science.

Also there are three pairs of eyes to be watched, as compared with two-handed Nap or Poker. Confederacy is also more difficult, since one cuts for partners.

Card-sharpping ranges from the awkward bending of a few high cards or the dropping of an ace, to the mysteries of "counting down," which consists in remembering the order of five or six cards and leaving them, while shuffling, at the centre of the pack, where the cut is likely to occur. If the sharper is dealt one of them by the dealer he knows the position of all the others. "Counting down" is perhaps the safest operation known.

"Picking up" is equally for amateurs. As the words imply, suitable cards are taken up from the tricks lying on the table, arranged, and kept at the top of the pack while shuffling.

On the other hand, the artifices of the professional are so difficult that he must practise two, or even three, years before good players will "stand" them. I cannot dilate on the intricacies of dealing from the bottom of the pack, "dealing seconds" (i.e., dealing the card underneath the top card) and the "pass." The last nullifies the effect of the cut; in this the lady is again handicapped by the size of her hand. When making the single-handed pass the player covers the left hand by stretching across it for a pencil or a handkerchief with the right arm.

By playing before a looking-glass the professional practises a clumsy attitude and awkward method of holding the cards!

The Frontier of Honesty.

Remember, firstly, that the shuffle, cut, and deal—instead of frustrating the sharper—in reality give him time; and, secondly, that the shuffle is rarely effective, while the cut does not alter the relative positions of the cards, even if repeated a dozen times.

Place an ace, king, and queen in this order in a pack, have it shuffled and dealt as at Bridge. These cards will in all probability be left undisturbed. If you get the king; your opponents should get the ace and queen respectively. The skilled Euchre player always allows for this.

Suppose the spades to be together before the shuffle, they will probably remain so; if you are dealt some, you can count on your opponent holding some more.

Is this cheating? I cannot say. There are several "border-line" impostures. In Bridge the very tone of the voice conveys a good deal, as in Poker we purposely deceive with the face. "Counting down" is even doubtful. It is easy to recognise certain cards after playing with a pack for some time; an impossibility, of course, in strict play.

Among the commonest and easiest artifices is the "bridge," which destroys the effect of the cut. The sharper bends the cards to form an arch in the centre of the pack where he wishes the cut to occur—and the same player will generally cut a pack in the same place.

Honour Amongst—Women.

If I have seen all these impostures practised, why have I not denounced them?

There are a dozen reasons—the difficulty of absolute proof for one. And is exposure always of much use? At a country-house party I once accused a fascinating widow, who had just left the card-room, of cheating. "Cheating? She always cheats!" was the casual answer.

I have touched only upon a few of the elements of scientific Bridge-playing. I have left unnoticed the marked card and the confederate (which explain themselves), and the admirable apparatus sold, some of which cost thirty or forty guineas.

But be assured that where the high stakes are there will be the card-sharppers sooner or later be gathered together.

LAST NIGHT'S PLAYS.

MR. WILLARD AS THE PROFESSOR.

It is quite a joy to see Mr. Willard once again in his most sympathetic character, that of Professor Goodwillie, in "The Professor's Love Story"; and a crowded and enthusiastic audience welcomed the sweet old man back again with laughter and tears at the St. James's last night.

The only pity is that this revival did not replace "The Cardinal" at an earlier date in Mr. Willard's season; for the Professor's reception last night showed that he had lost no old friends during his absence in America, and that he has still many new ones to make. After the sloppy sentiment and loose writing of the ordinary modern comedy it is indeed a relief to turn to the crisp sentences and deft workmanship of this, one of Mr. Barrie's earliest successes.

Mr. Willard, like the Professor himself, has aged not a minute since we last saw him in the part. He still shows us to perfection the old man with the young heart, who makes everyone love him with his perfect simplicity and goodness; and he is ably supported by Miss Gracie Leigh in the part of that "slim" though lovable hoyden, Lucy White.

In the scene with Miss Goodwillie in the second act, a part admirably played by Miss Helen Ferrers, the trembling emotion of outraged love and anger was simulated by Miss Leigh with particular skill.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN A NEW PLAY.

The Kennington Theatre is a long way off, but those who went to it last night to see Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "The Breed of the Treshams" had no reason to feel anything but satisfaction in their pilgrimage.

Mr. Rutherford's play is a brisk and valiant romance of the days immediately preceding

the Commonwealth, and turns upon the fortunes of a young man, Francis Tresham, in his wooing of Margaret Hungerford, and the various entanglements, military and otherwise, which intervene to prevent the course of true love from running too smoothly.

The real interest of the play, however, lies not unnaturally in Mr. Martin Harvey's presentation of the character of Lieutenant Raresby; and in this Mr. Martin Harvey was far from disappointing his many admirers. The character is a sort of double study of outward brutality and essential tender-heartedness, but the audience is not permitted to discover the tender-heartedness until the play is some distance on its way.

The second act makes a very fine scene. It takes place in an upper chamber of the castle of Feversham, which is being guarded by the King's troops. Raresby discovers signs of mutiny among them, and despatches Francis Tresham for reinforcements. The commander of the defending forces gets drunk at the dinner table, and the duty devolves upon Lieutenant Raresby of protecting the women inhabitants of the castle, and especially Margaret Hungerford, a character gracefully played by Miss Coleridge. For this purpose he despatches Margaret to a distant chamber, and when the mutinous troops break into the room where he waits gains time by pretending to be so drunk as not to understand their threats and insults.

It is unnecessary to say that when the scene is worked up to its most acute moment, and the troops are about to go off in search of Margaret, young Tresham breaks into the room with news that relief has arrived. But it is an admirable scene, admirably acted.

Mr. A. Maude made a charming and attractive study of Cornet Tresham, and Mr. F. Groves made a thoroughly competent and impressive Captain Rashleigh. Miss N. de Silva was delightful and convincing as the boy Batty, while the feminine parts were admirably sustained by Miss Coleridge, Miss Edith Coleman, and Miss Maud Creighton.

MRS. KENDAL AT THE CORONET.

Any success that "Dick Hope" won at the Coronet Theatre last night was personal to Mrs. Kendal, and was gained in spite of a patchy and amateurish play. Many times the audience were trembling on the verge of laughter at the wrong place, and were only restored to seriousness by her perfect composure and peacefulness of manner. For in a serious play, having for its theme the reclamation of a drunkard, the comedy element is far too obtrusive, and the writing is so sentimental and so stilted as to border on the farcical. At one point the hero confides to his schoolboy brother of sixteen that the heroine is like a spreading tree, under whose peaceful shade it is a pleasure to recline. What would the ordinary British schoolboy say to such a confidence as that, and it is typical of the whole.

Mrs. Kendal herself has a part very much of the type of "The Elder Miss Blossom," a woman who has remained unmarried past her prime, and yet who is sweet and gracious, overflowing with the milk of human kindness and true womanliness. She refuses John Hemming, the man she loves, in order to reclaim Dick Hope, a drunken Major, who had previously been engaged to her, and she gets Hemming to help her in the task. The conception of the character, it will be seen, is admirably suited to Mrs. Kendal's style; while Mr. Kendal makes a lifelike study of the drunken Major. For such he has been jolted out of his rut of sleepy good-natured parts, and the result is that he acted better than we have ever seen him before. Mr. Hendrie, the author of the play, took the part of an inoffensive curate in an inoffensive manner.

A WOMAN'S UNLUCKY DAY.

A French modiste, arrested on Saturday night on a charge of jewel thefts at Rouen, exclaimed at Bow-street Police Court yesterday, "Saturday nights are always unfortunate with us. It was only last Saturday night that my husband was arrested—"

Two men, charged with robbing a Holborn jeweller's, were also arrested on Saturday night.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS . . .

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In a recent number of the *Daily Mirror* you published an article by Mr. A. St. John Adcock under the above title. The article is quite worth a flash or two from your "mirror," in the interest of the word omitted in the title.

Mr. Adcock, some five years ago, coming, as far as I can remember, with a message of reference from Toynbee Hall, and apparently interested in charity organisation, was asked by me to partake of a simple dinner and meet a few men very earnest in trying to deal with the difficulties of those in distress. He accepted my hospitality, and with it the friendly privilege of which his partial, and I think, I may say ill-natured summary is the outcome. You are not its first editor. He published it once before, in a paper which has, I believe, disappeared, some three or four years ago.

The first case he mentions I do not remember. Undoubtedly every side of the difficult question of helping, yet so helping as to prevent the spread of phthisis, was considered; and those who were so anxious to solve the problem probably did so in as kindly a manner as in the other case which he mentions. That, too, was difficult. I will not trouble you with the pros and cons. Your readers may judge by the result. When brought to our notice the man we wished to help was practically destitute, and his age, sixty-five years, made it almost impossible for him to obtain employment.

He was, however, so young for his age, and so indefatigable in his efforts to get work, that the committee made him a weekly allowance and sought in every way they could, by advertisement and otherwise, to obtain for him suitable employment. After months of failure and disappointment, he was fortunate enough to obtain a suitable situation, which he continues to fill, giving entire satisfaction. A brother and some old friends, and several private persons, contributed towards the weekly allowance. The entire amount expended was about £15.

Surely, "the greatest of these is charity"—not mere relief; and this is a good instance of its method.

C. S. LOCH.
Charity Organisation Society, 15, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, W.C., December, 1903.



One of the most successful scenes in "The Professor's Love Story," revived at St. James's Theatre last night



Double Harness BY Anthony Hope

SEVENTH
INSTANT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

"I'm not aware that your mother minds smoke; but as a matter of fact I'm not going to the party at all," said Tom Courtland.

"You're expected—I said you'd come."

"I'm sorry, Harriet, but you misunderstand me."

Tom Courtland stood his ground firmly and answered civilly, though with a surly, rough tone in his voice. His wife was still very quiet, yet Raymore and Grantley exchanged apprehensive looks; the full before the storm is a well-worked figure of speech, but they knew it applied very well to Lady Harriet.

"You're going home, then?"

"Not just now."

"Where are you going?"

"To the club."

"What club?"

"Is my cab there?" Grantley called to the butler.

"Not yet, sir; there'll be one directly."

"What club?" demanded Lady Harriet again.

"What does it matter? I haven't made up my mind. I'm only going to have a rubber." Then it came—that Sibylla had been told about, what the others had seen before now. They were all forgotten—host and fellow guests, even the servants, even the cabman, who heard the outburst and leant down from his high seat, trying to see. It was like some physical affliction, an utter loss of self-control; it was a bare step distant from violence. It was the failure of civilisation, the casting off of decency, a being abandoned to a raw, fierce fury.

"Club!" she cried, a deep flush covering

Copyright, 1903, by A. H. Hawkins in the United States of America.

WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

WEARING WOMEN'S CLOTHES!

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I think your correspondent, "A Man," is wrong when he calls men who wear stays effeminate.

I may say that in the privacy of my home I often wear full female dress, and for the following reason.

Some little time ago I became financially embarrassed, and I had to get rid of our servant. My wife was not strong enough to do the work, and so it fell to my share. But I soon found that to do the work properly in my own clothes would cause remarks, and so I determined to disguise myself as a woman, and I can now clean doorsteps and windows without attracting notice. Previous to this I had worn corsets for years, and it was this that made me think of doing what I now do; but this has not made me effeminate, and the clothes can never do this if the man is not by nature so.

A BELIEVER IN STAYS.

TO HELP MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I quite agree with "Julia Kinder" in Friday's Daily Mirror, and endorse every word she says.

We women certainly ought to do all we can to help Mr. Chamberlain.

What does she propose? Most of the working men's wives I have spoken to are on his side.

What can we do?

Portsmouth. C. J. J. S.

POISONS IN FOOD.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In Saturday's article on "Ideal Diets" your correspondent is rightly emphatic on the necessity of our food containing due proportions of the albumens, carbo-hydrates, fats, and salts.

Were the presence of these constituents the only consideration when dietetics are scientifically and practically tested, his deduction would be conclusive—i.e., the wisdom of a mixed diet.

But as some of the foods he mentions and

her face and all her neck. "Pretty clubs you go to hard on midnight! I know you, I know you too well, you—you liar!"

Sibylla crept behind Grantley, passing her hand through his arm. Tom Courtland stood motionless, very white, a stiff smile on his lips.

"You liar!" she said once again, and without a look at any of them swept down the steps. She moved grandly. She came to the door of her brougham, which the footman held for her. The window was drawn up.

"Have you been driving with the windows shut?"

"Yes, my lady."

"I told you to keep them down when it was fine. Do you want to stifle me, you fool? She raised the fan she carried; it had stout ivory sticks and a large knob of ivory at the end. She dashed the knob against the window with all her strength; the glass was broken, and fell clattering on the pavement as Lady Harriet got in. The footman shut the door, touched his hat, and joined the coachman on the box.

With his pale face and set smile, with his miserable eyes and bowed shoulders, Tom Courtland went down the steps to his cab. Neither did he speak to any of them.

At last Raymore turned to Sibylla.

"I'm so sorry it happened to-night—when you were here," he said.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

She looked from Grantley to Raymore and back again, and read the answer in their faces. They knew where Tom Courtland had gone. Grantley patted her hand gently, and said to Raymore:

"Well, who could stand a savage like that?"

It was the recognition of a ruin inevitable and past cure.

CHAPTER V.

The Birth of Strife.

THERE are processes undergone which people hardly realise themselves, which another can explain by no record however minute or laborious. They are in detail as imperceptible, as secret, as elusive as the

physical changes which pass upon the face of the body. From day to day there is no difference; but days make years, and years change youth to maturity, maturity to decay. So in matters of the soul the daily trifling sum adds up and up. A thousand tiny hopes nipped, a thousand little expectations frustrated, a thousand foolish fears proved not so foolish. Divide them by the days, and there is nothing to cry about at bedtime, nothing even to pray about, if to pray you are inclined. Yet as a month passes, or two, or three, the atoms seem to join and form a cloud. The sunbeams get through here and there still, but the clear fine radiance is obscured. Presently the cloud thickens, deepens, hardens. It seems now a wall, stout and high; the gates are heavy and forbidding, and they stand where once there was ready and eagerly welcomed entrance and access. Think of what it is to look for a letter sometimes. It comes not on Monday—it's nothing; nor on Tuesday—it's nothing; nor on Wednesday—odd! nor on Thursday—strange! nor on Friday—you can't think! It comes not for a week—you are hurt; for a fortnight—you are indignant. A month passes—and maybe what you prized most in all your life is gone. You have been told the truth in thirty broken sentences.

Sibylla Imason took a reckoning—in no formal manner, not sitting down to it, still less in any flash of inspiration or on the impulse of any startling incident. As she went to and fro on her work and her pleasure, the figures gradually and insensibly set themselves in rows, added and subtracted themselves, and presented her with the quotient. It was against her will that all this happened. She would have had none of it; there was nothing to recommend it; it was not even unusual. But it would come—and what did it come to? Nothing alarming or vulgar or sensational. Grantley's gallantry forbade that, his good manners, his affectionate ways, his real love for her. It was forbidden, too, by the moments of rapture which she excited and which she shared; they were still untouched—the fairy rides on fairy horses. But is not the virtue of such things to mean more than they are—to be not incidents, but rather culminations—not exceptions, but the very type, the highest expression, of what is always there? Even the raptures she was coming to doubt while she welcomed, to mistrust while she shared. Would she come at once to hate and to strive after them?

To be continued.

RELIGION OR RUBBISH?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In your issue of November 27, "Paterfamilias" makes the astounding remark—fatal to his own case—that "ninety-nine persons out of one hundred don't care a button about their children's religion."

If this is indeed true, it is the most crushing proof of the futility of the religious instruction—falsely so-called—which they themselves received at school.

To rank religion in the curriculum along with the multiplication table and geography is, to my mind, the deepest blasphemy, and the callous neglect of parental duty caused thereby is the deepest moral crime.

I well remember what was taught me at school under the ironical term of "religious" instruction. A crude theology, hammered in the same manner that the sergeant hammers the drill-book into the recruit!

We boys scoffed at it then, and after forty odd years of life experience and deep thought on such topics, I emphatically declare that we were right.

Three-fourths of what we were crammed with was not religion, but rubbish.

DUTY.

INCONSIDERATE GUESTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I hope and believe that the woes of the hostess, so graphically set forth in your columns to-day, are exceptional, and I shall certainly be surprised if the dreadful impeachment of her guest meets with corroboration elsewhere.

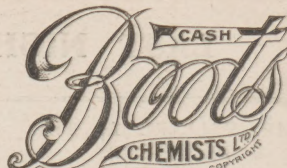
It is certainly difficult to know in what category to place the individuals who behave with such lack of consideration in other folk's houses.

I have not yet come across the type of guest who wreaks devastation and discomfort, and I am quite sure when he or she does arrive their first visit will also be their last.

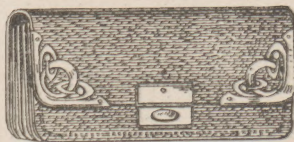
I admit that amusing one's guests calls for a good deal of ingenuity, but much trouble can be avoided by the exercise of tact in the selection of your house-party.

Given a judicious assortment of kindred spirits, there should be no unhappy male members to yawn and hang about; the married men should be amused either in or out of doors by their host, the married ladies will naturally be quite happy talking frocks and scandal, whilst the unmarried should be happily engaged making the most of their opportunities.

Dec. 5. A HEREFORDSHIRE HOSTESS.



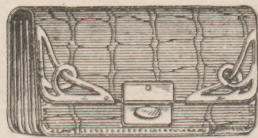
SPECIAL 3 LINES IN PURSES 1/11



Size 4½ by 2½.
Finest Morocco Grain, Leather Gussets,
Sterling Silver Corners.

THE BARGAIN OF THE SEASON.

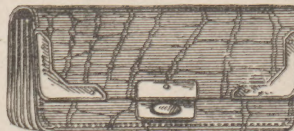
2/6



Size 3½ by 2½.
Polished Crocodile, in Assorted Colours,
Two Heavy Sterling Silver Mounts.

THE CHEAPEST PURSE EVER OFFERED.

2/11



Size 4½ by 2½.
Real Polished Crocodile, in Assorted Colours.
Outside Pocket, with Two Massive Hall-marked
Sterling Silver Corners.

EQUAL TO ANY PURSE SOLD AT 3/11.

WE BOUGHT OVER

40,000

OF THESE PURSES.



THE LARGEST BUYERS AND
RETAILERS OF FANCY GOODS
IN THE KINGDOM.

New London Branches—
82-83 High Holborn, W.C.
94-96 Kings Road, Chelsea.
57-58 London Road, Southwark.
31 High Street, Islington.

BRIGHTON—158-162 Western Road.

BOURNEMOUTH—108 Commercial Road
NOTTINGHAM—2-10 Pelham Street
CHELTENHAM—129-130 High Street
BRISTOL—13 Queen's Road, Clifton
LIVERPOOL—11-13 London Road
SHEFFIELD—6 High Street
HARROGATE—5 Parliament Street
MANCHESTER—15-17 St. Ann's Square
48-50 Oldham Street
LEEDS—Briggate and King Edward Street
HULL—King Edward Street
BLACKPOOL—Boots Arcade, St. John's Market
GLASGOW—101-106 Sauchiehall Street
Ed., &c.

JESSE BOOT, Managing Director.
Head Offices: Station Street, Nottingham

The Modes of the Moment.



Two
Elegant
Models
for
the
Winter
Season.

A WOMAN'S GLORY.

THE TRANSFORMATION AS A TRIUMPH OF THE COIFFEUR'S ART.

APT, indeed, is this title, "a woman's glory," as applied to the charming coiffures of the hour, never of a truth more bewitchingly diversified or more amiably ordered to meet the exigencies of every contour. That the question of transformations is one of deep importance to us all goes without saying. These are important factors in the creation of quite two-thirds of the best results. And they are a veritable work of art in the hands of adepts, who have learnt to manœuvre the outline with such skilled deftness as to make good at once the inevitable small omission of nature.

The Coiffure Adorned.

The time-worn adage as to the unadorned being adorned the most is for once thrown into the background, our feeling altogether running pronouncedly in favour of adorning our heads with a plethora of combs, pins, and barbaric clasps, together with many a decorative slide of jewels. Then, apart from these sturdier adornments, there is a very bewilderment of floral chaplets, ribbons, chiffon and tulle snoods, completed by the momentarily approved gold and silver tinsel leaves and flowers, to say nothing of innumerable individual efforts in the disposal of larger blooms, these frequently hinting at the always piquant Japanese effect. In fact, the field is a wide and untrammelled one.

A Little Thing.

A small structural hint there is worth disclosing, respecting the fancy for using a coarse-toothed comb in the adjusting of a bouffante coiffure, which may be completed, moreover, in the happiest taste, by an outspreading Alsatian bow of velvet. Nor according to latest advices is it of necessity that this bow be of sable hue (although there is no more effective contrast with fair tresses), velvets of delicate tints being deemed quite equally applicable to meet the situation, and these serve to strike a valuable note of distinction and charm.

A Clever Coiffeur. 1

We will revert to that much discussed detail the transformation, which, criticism and cavilling apart, we women are all prepared to espouse, since by no other means are we able to achieve such completely satisfactory results. Among the most successful manipulators of these clever coiffure adjuncts is the firm of Messrs. Unwin and Albert, of 17, Regent-street, and 6, Belgrave-mansions. Their transformations are literally feather-weight, and the workmanship perfect throughout. Every face is individually studied, and a very zenith has been reached in an adjustable transformation, illustrated here in three different aspects. The back view depicts one of the latest and

prettiest low dressings, the bouffante sides set out by the Zaza side combs, a novel butterfly comb surmounting the coil. To the right is shown a quite simple disposal, with the suggestion of a side parting. The remaining variation illustrates the vogue of completing a high dressing with a cluster of long curls pinned lightly down.

Realising, moreover, the dire need of those not too generously endowed with this world's goods, Messrs. Unwin and Albert have recently concluded special arrangements whereby they are enabled to turn out transformations from £5 upwards. Perchance, only the few will realise what this enterprise means; but my hand on it that it is a genuine opportunity, and, therefore, not to be missed.



SOME LITTLE THINGS.

COLOURED HANDKERCHIEFS AND NOVEL BELTS.

THE dainty coloured handkerchief is in great request this season, more so than ever, and there can no longer be any question as to the good style of these delicate-hued mouchoirs. The very newest idea is to have a floral appliqué in pale blue or pink lawn with green leaves, an example of which is found to the right of the adjoining trio. Fine white silk handkerchiefs, having lace edgings and medallion-shaped corners, also are popular, and one may be seen in our illustration, together with a dress handkerchief of finest French lawn, inset and edged with Valenciennes lace.

The latest novelty in belts is shown to the left hand, the chief feature occurring at the

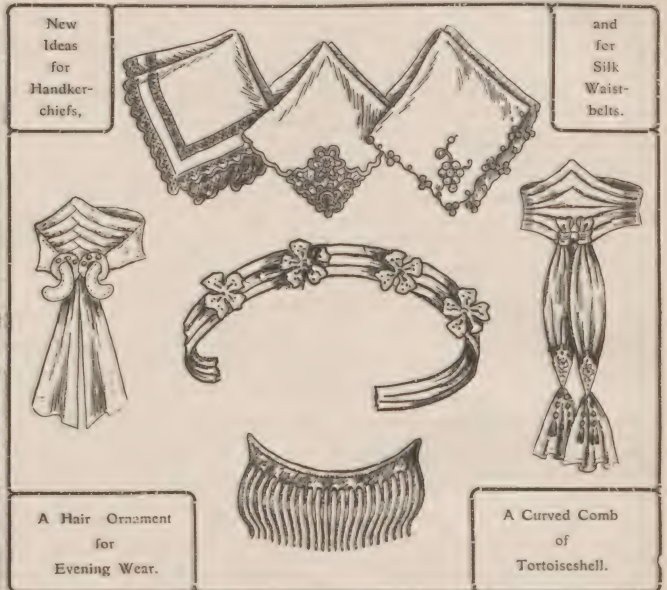
SAUTS DU LIT.

BEAUTIFUL NOVELTIES SEEN IN BRUSSELS.

FOREIGN women go in much more for dainty bed-chamber accessories than do their English sisters, and, while combining elegance with comfort, they are also very practical. The forms of their sauts du lit are of such a fashion that they can be slipped on and off in a moment, whereas the dressing-gown of the ordinary Englishwoman is more or less a complicated affair, with many fastenings, which are generally left untidily undone on account of the time which would otherwise be lost in closing them.

A Model to be Remembered.

During a saunter down the town yesterday some very pretty examples of these useful



back, where the scroll ends are passed through flat rings, covered with glacé, and adorned with black pearl buttons.

The companion belt has the soft glacé ends caught into conical cups of black silk cord passementerie resolving into tassels.

Other novel adjuncts shown are a gold galon snood decked with silver tinsel flowers, and one of the much-worn m b e r tortoiseshell combs.

Blouses may also be numbered among the "little things" for which

articles were seen at the Maison Romer-Dumas, and shall, therefore, be described for the special benefit of the feminine readers of the *Daily Mirror*. An extremely uncommon one was made of rich ivory-tinted zenana silk with old-world bouquets of tiny pink roses, buds, and leaves. It had a double stole in front, one end being longer than the other, and both made of heavy ivory peau de soie. This went round the neck in the form of two narrow rounded collars edged with silk fringe, while the back at waist was caught in by a small removable band fastened down with two large enamelled pink and silver buttons. The sleeves were rather tight at the shoulders and then fell open and loose, while the mitred effect at the wrist was intensified by a band of the peau de soie finished off with a deep fringe. The gown was lined throughout with silk, and cost two hundred and thirty francs.

Another was 2 in pale mauve aoline with groups of graduated white spots, its distinctive feature being the square collar of lace and wide revers of the same reaching down to the hem of the skirt. This was caught together across the front by several strips of narrow mauve ribbon ending in a large rosette with very long and numerous streamers; the sleeves were also mitred in form, and were turned back with lace to match that on collar and revers.

Further on in the showroom was a simple but very pleasing confection in the softest shade of rose pink flannel with a deep fichu of the same shade of Liberty satin, which quickly caught the eye; this fichu fell in rounded form over the shoulders, and was caught up sharply in front with three knotted silk buttons, from which fell long three-cornered ends. The sleeves were very full, the puff at the elbow being sharp in outline, and from it fell soft narrow frills of creamy lace. While the cuffs were of satin to match the fichu and were trimmed with embroidery, the same decoration going round the sleeves at their widest dimensions and thus making a pretty heading for the lace.

A very handsome, cherry red bengaline, lined with white silk, was suitable for a dark-haired beauty who could afford the luxurious surroundings required by such a toilette, gold galon finishing the slightly opened neck.

there is an ever-increasing demand, and the sketch in our first column illustrates two charming designs.

The demi-toilette model to the left is of white crêpe de Chine gauged on to a full chemisette of chiffon, trimmed with the new deep ochre-tinted lace. The other blouse, intended for afternoon wear, would look well in écarpe taffeta relieved by bands of souple cloth appliqué with tiny motifs of velvet.

£150 for One Shilling. Do not Miss it.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we re-print the ELEVENTH COUPON. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1, 3, and 5 (which contain the ten previous coupons), and send in all the eleven together carefully observing the rules which appeared in yesterday's *Mirror*, and will appear again to-morrow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 10 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♥ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♥

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

♦ THE CASH PRIZES. ♦

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

♦ FIFTY POUNDS ♦

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♥ WHEN SHOULD THE DEALER DECLARE ♥ BLACK?

"Rekab" asks three questions, the first two of which are answered in the Blenheim Conventions. The third is: "Under what circumstances should the dealer declare from his

own hand when he is terribly weak?" Two examples are given. Case 1:—
Score: AB, 24; YZ, love. Z's (the dealer's) hand is:—

♥ 7; ♠ 6, 5, 3; ♦ 8, 4, 2; ♣ J, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4.

Case 2:—Same score. Z's hand is:—
♥ 9, 6; ♠ K, Q, J, 8, 4, 3, 2; ♦ 6, 2; ♣ 8, 5.

What should Z do about the declaration in each case?

The best players are not agreed as to what is the most profitable course (in the long run) in such positions as these. There exists an idea in certain quarters that questions of this nature are Bridge "Problems," which can be set in competitions, and the replies to which can be legitimately adjudicated upon as "correct" or "incorrect." Nothing can be more unfair to solvers than to take disputed points of this character and to issue arbitrary "decisions" thereon which (in the majority of

cases that have come under our notice) are considerably more likely to be wrong than right.

♦ NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE. ♦

In America—where speculative play is most in favour—the dealer would leave it to partner in both the above cases. The idea would be that nothing of importance can be achieved by defensive tactics; and that you must necessarily run great risks for the off-chance of going out, if partner happens to have a quite exceptional hand. There is a section of English players who take the same view. Our own opinion is strongly adverse. The more rubbers we see played—and our experience has been by no means inconsiderable—the more firmly we are persuaded that more points on the average are lost than won by taking that kind of "flyer." We should declare Spades in the first case (the hand being worthless if any other suit or if No-trumps be declared), and Clubs (securing a reasonable certainty of a moderate score) in the second. In both examples, at the score, there is the special danger that Dummy is sure to declare down to the extreme limit of weakness. Of course, if, on the other hand, he chances to be possessed of 100 Aces or 80 in Hearts, it is possible that you may never survive to put your calculations a second time to the test of practice. It is cold comfort, when overwhelmed with the "winged words" of your *vis-a-vis*, to reflect that, theoretically and philosophically speaking, you were wholly in the right.

♦ ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE. ♦

When confronted with a particularly vituperative partner, and supposing that your nerves are none of the most robust, it is often the part of wisdom to resign yourself to circumstances, sacrificing your principles and your pocket in the interests of "white-robed peace," which, as the Roman poet observed, "is becoming to men, while ferocious anger is only suitable to wild beasts." Or, to put it in modern Latin: "Il faut souffrir pour être tranquille."

MISCELLANEOUS REPLIES.

D.M.—The revoke is not established, under the circumstances you describe, because the trick has not been turned and quitted. Nemo—You can send the missing coupons attached to the Simplex forms. C. O. Q.—We regret that we can express no opinion as to the cleanness of any replies until after the close of the Tournament. V. S. (Rutland Gate)—If you have made a mistake in a reply, re-write it and ask us to substitute the correction for the original. Lovat.—The scheme is ingenious, but we consider the Simplex forms are clearer and easier to read. Myrtle.—We do not understand whether your queries refer to No-trumps or to a declared suit. The Joker and N. R.—You may substitute Simplex forms without sending another P.O. or new coupons. 232

Score: AB, love; YZ, 1 game and 22. Z deals and declares a defensive Spade. A leads ♦ J. The hands of Y and B are then exposed.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at Double Dummy. The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Address..... Initials.....

DRINK . . .

LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

FINEST IN THE WORLD.

DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS.

NO HIGHER PRICE. **1/9** NO HIGHER PRICE.

Also at **1/-**, **1/2**, and **1/4**.

OUR SPECIAL BLEND

AT

STANDS OUT ALONE **1/6** THE PERFECTION OF
AND UNRIVALLED. QUALITY AND VALUE.

ALWAYS APPRECIATED!

A WELCOME XMAS PRESENT is a
Tin of LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEA.

Can be had in 5, 7, 10, and 20-lb. beautifully decorated Air-tight Canisters.

LIPTON, Ltd., TEA, COFFEE and COCOA
PLANTERS, CEYLON.

Chief Offices: **CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**

Branches and Agencies throughout the World.



PRETTY TRIFLES FOR THE CURIO TABLE.

THOSE who are not yet the owners of a table specially devoted to the display of a most interesting and, at the same time, artistic collection of trifles scarcely realise the uses of this piece of furniture. The curio table fulfils many desirable purposes. It is ornamental, merely regarded from the decorative point of view; it constitutes an interesting hobby, and thus gives its owner plenty of interest in life; and oftentimes its quaint and fascinating objects in gold, china, silver, or ivory form an engrossing theme of conversation for those whose eyes rest upon them.

How Victims of Kleptomaniacs are Made.

Recollect then that a curio table of satin-wood, one of the most fashionable woods of the moment, with a glass lid and a lining of velvet, would form a very acceptable gift at Christmas. The lid should lock. Collectors of curios have been known to become victims of the kleptomaniac habit, a sad and horrible state of affairs, but one fully recognised by the possessors of these precious objects, just as it is by the collectors of coins and stamps.

Next arrives the question, what should go on the curio table, and what curios should be bought as presents for friends who already possess tables of this kind?

The Bargain Hunter's View.

One of the most charming curio tables, recently seen in the house of a refined and cultured woman, might be cited as an instance of the possibilities of the hobby. There was a small ivory figure brought from China by a friend, valuable for its workmanship and intrinsic associations, and, from the point of view of the mere bargain-hunter, precious also on account of its pecuniary worth. For ivory is daily growing in cost, and the woman who wishes to found a curio table from a mercenary desire to realise its value on some untoward day of fortune would

do well to collect quaint pieces of ivory at her earliest opportunity.

Two beautiful pieces of Russian decorative work next arrested the eye. These took the form of an enamelled purse gemmed with turquoise—stones highly prized by all Russian women—and a wonderful little crystal bowl out of which a posy of flowers, all made of coloured stones, reared their pretty heads.

By its side stood one or two dainty china patch-boxes, formerly the property of a lady of Marie Antoinette's Court, and now used for holding sweet-scented cachous.

A "quizzing" glass, once used by a beau of George the Fourth's time to stare the belles of the season out of countenance, as was the manner of those times, was an object on which a whole volume might be written, for who could tell of the love histories that it might reveal? Quaint characteristic pieces of Norwegian jewellery and enamel, happy mementoes of travel in that delightful country, rested a little apart from a gold seal, wrought in the figure of the Apollo Belvedere and originally emanating from one of the tempting bric-a-brac shops that line the Corso at Rome. Pieces of old Sheffield plate, that at this present time are rapidly doubling themselves in value, fraternised with spoons from foreign lands, gifts presented by friends as trophies of their stay in the great capitals of the world.

A Doll's House in Silver.

And what were these miniature trifles in silver so lovingly handled by the owner of the table? Truly, this is a day when grown-ups delight as much in toys as their children do. For these were but silver toys in miniature—dolls' toys, one might be inclined to call them—pretty little silver chairs, and silver sofas, silver wheel-barrows in filigree ware, tiny silver statuettes, silver ships, silver bonbonnières—really nothing but toys, but all works of art.

It is just such silver and china toys as these that are at present exercising a magnetic charm over the hearts of women, and to those who are hunting for appropriate gifts this Christmas, search for some such novelty is highly to be recommended.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 112.—EGGS WITH CREAM EN COCOTTES.

INGREDIENTS.—Four eggs, three tablespoonsful of cream, two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, a little butter.

One small fire-proof cup for each egg. Well butter the little cups; put two tablespoonsful of cream into each, and on this carefully break a new laid egg. Sprinkle a little finely-chopped parsley on the top of each. Place the little cups in a pan with boiling water to come barely half way up the cups, lay a piece of buttered paper across the top of them, put the lid on the pan, and let the contents cook gently till the eggs are just set. Serve at once in the cups.

Cost 1s. 2d. for four portions.

No. 113.—GINGERBREAD LOAF.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of wholemeal flour, one pound of treacle, two ounces of Demerara sugar, two ounces of butter, one gill of cream, one ounce of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two eggs, two ounces of citron peel.

Sieve the flour, castor sugar and ginger together. Melt the butter and add to it the treacle and Demerara

sugar. Stir these over the fire till the sugar is dissolved. Beat up the eggs and mix them with the cream. When the treacle, etc., mixture has cooled a little pour it into the flour, stir into it half the flour, and pour in the egg, cream, and soda, mixed with a little warm milk. Mix all together with the rest of the flour, then add the peel cut in large pieces, saving two slices for the top of the loaf. Bake the loaf in a square bread tin, lined with greased paper, about one and a half hours. It needs a moderate oven and must be watched carefully during the baking. This cake is nicer if kept a little while.

Cost 1s. 6d. for a large loaf.

No. 114.—FILLETS OF HADDOCKS A LA MILANAISE.

INGREDIENTS.—One large fresh haddock, four tablespoonsful of salad oil, one lemon, three tablespoonsful of chopped parsley, two eggs, four tablespoonsful of grated Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper, eight tablespoonsful of bread-crumbs, half a pint of brown caper sauce.

Fillet the haddock and divide each fillet into three pieces. Put these in a dish with the oil, strained lemon juice, and some salt and pepper. Beat up the

A PANTOMIME ZOO.

A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Hippodrome pantomime this year will have all the charm of novelty. Mr. H. E. Moss has chosen as the title "The Golden Princess and the Elephant Hunters." It will be a zoological and aquatic spectacle, and includes fifteen plunging elephants imported from Berlin.

Another feature is a magnificent collection of trained animals from the Société Royale de Zoologie, at Antwerp. For the first 3 time trained ostriches will be seen on the stage.

Other quaint animals in this zoological collection are zebras, natives of India, very rare specimens; llamas, from Peru; camels and dromedaries.

GOUNOD'S WORKS AT THREE-HALFPENCE.

Ardent musicians with moderate incomes, who purchase Gounod's "Ave Maria" and other immortal works from the street hawker for sixpence, may think they have made a bargain, but the purveyor makes a better one, for he gets each copy from the piratical printer for three-halfpence.

The printer sells for a farthing the pirated copies which are retailed for two pence, and the three-penny and fourpenny music at a halfpenny or a penny a copy.

More than 100,000 pirated copies of copyright music have now been seized.

These details were given at one of the London police courts.

FEED THE HUNGRY.

The Honorary Treasurer of the Southwark Poor Children's Free Meals Fund writes to say that the nineteenth season of this charitable enterprise is now beginning. The fund protects the children of the necessitous during the winter months by providing them with dinners and breakfasts absolutely free. Last season 129,000 meals were so distributed. No religious or other qualification is imposed; the work being conducted entirely as a lay movement. The fund is well supported and esteemed locally, but the district being large and thickly populated with the poorer classes, outside help is always welcome at this period. Subscribers are invited to send donations to the honorary treasurer of the fund, Mr. James Pascall, Blackfriars-road, London, W. 6

MAUDE TAYLOR,

163b, SLOANE ST., S.W.



Blouse in Soft Eastern Silk, with raised Silk Flower Embroidery, held together with fagot stitch.

Price 29/11

Goods sent on approval on receipt of Trade Reference or Deposit. 18

GLOVES For Xmas Presents

Immense Variety at Warehouse Prices.

Ladies' Grey or Brown "Kid" Gloves with Fur Tops to match and half Squirrel lined, 1 Press Button (as illustration) 4/11 per pair.

Write for Illustrated Price List, FREE BY POST.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.,

Only Address:- 45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. and 82 & 83, NEW BOND ST. W. LONDON.

Paris Kid, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/11 Button "Suede, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, Chevrete, 2/11, 3/11

Price Lists free on application. Of any make fitted on previous to purchase at J. S. GREGG'S, First Floor, 92, NEW BOND ST.

THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

Our Great Xmas Sale is Now On.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS FOR EVENING WEAR in all classes of Silks, Satins, Transparent Silks, Tinselled Goods, Dress Fabrics, Laces, Lace and Sequin Robes, Blouses, Ribbons, Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers, Feathers, &c.

A LARGE VARIETY OF USEFUL GOODS FOR PRESENTS.

Our Circular, giving full particulars, sent Post Free. We have also issued a Illustrated Circulars of Latest Fashionable Goods, which we shall be pleased to send Post Free.

SAMUEL LEWIS & CO., HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

Still the Best Stove Polish!!!
NIXEY'S LEAD
BLACK, BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL IN SOLID BLOCKS, OR AS A STOVE POLISHING PASTE, IN TINS.

Cailler's
GENUINE SWISS
MILK CHOCOLATE
[Supplied to H.M. the Queen.]

The richest of Swiss Cream and pure Chocolate blended in a delicious food-confection. As a sweetmeat it is delightful, while its nourishing properties commend it as a tit-bit whenever one needs a slight refreshment.

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d., and 6d. tablets, and in 6d. boxes and croquettes. If you want the best, ask for Cailler's!

ROSY COTTON FLANNEL
Soft & warm for nightgowns & underwear
New Designs for Dressing Gowns & Blouses
Patterns post free - mention this paper
CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMSON
91 Edgware Rd. London W. 6

The Daily Time Saver.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.		Meat.	
Surgeon.	Turbot.	Soles.	
Skate.	Eels.	Codfish.	
Smelts.	Gurnet.	Sprats.	
Oysters.	Mussels.	Cockles.	
	Lobsters.		
Beef.	Veal.	Mutton.	Pork.
	Quail and Game.		
Hares.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	
Saupe.	Wildgeon.	Wild Ducks.	
	Teal.	Venison.	
Fowls.	Capons.	Ducks.	
	Turkeys.	Geese.	
Vegetables.		Savorys.	
Cabbages.	Broccoli.	Cardoons.	
Scottish Kale.	Sea Kale.	Celery.	
Endive.	Beetroot.	Salads.	
Artichokes.	Asparagus.		

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Pears. Figs. Grapes.
Forced Rhubarb.
Bananas. Pomegranates. Cranberries.
Pineapples. Melons. Lychees.
Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Cut Blossoms for the Table.
Gardenias. Violets.
Aurum Lilies. Lilies of the Valley.
Roses. Orchids.
Mimosas. Smilax.
Oak and Beech Leaves.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Winter Cherries. Cape Gooseberries.
Heath. Hyacinths.
Eucalyptus Plant.
Chrysanthemums. 21

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 32.—PAUPIETTES OF SOLES TRAFALGAR.

By M. TRILLAT, Chef of Hotel Victoria.

Skin and fillet a fresh sole of about 2lb. Beat lightly and trim, lay on a flat board, and season with pepper and salt and a sprinkling of lemon juice. Take the fillets of two silver whittings, pound them to make a farce or stuffing, season, and mix with a little cream. When finished spread the farce lightly over the fillets, then roll with the farce inside till an even shape. Tie each fillet with twine to prevent it falling out of shape, and lay in a shallow pan well buttered. Add two wine-glasses of Chablis and a little fish stock. Cover over and let simmer for twenty minutes. Dish up with a garnish of slices of lobster, bearded oysters, and a few white heads of champignons, placed in the centre. Prepare a fish stock from the trimmings of the sole and whittings, a little parsley, onion, thyme, bayleaf, parings of champignons, crushed peppercorns, and juice of oysters; strain and reduce to make sauce. Add some best butter and little cream to finish sauce. Divide sauce and add a little piccalilli juice to make one-half taste hot; with the remainder mix some lobster butter made from the spawn to make it red. When ready mask the paupiettes with the white sauce, and make a cordon with the red on the bottom of dish. Serve very hot.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
Toasted Bloaters. Baked Rashers of Bacon.
*Eggs with Cream en Cocottes.
Rolled Tongue. Lyons Sausages.
LUNCH.
Rice Soup.
Boiled Mackerel and Parsley Sauce.
Ragout of Duck. Porter House Steak.
Macaroni à la Viennoise.
French Rice Pudding.
Stewed Prunes and Cream. Pulled Bread.
Stilton Cheese.
COLD DISHES.
Beef Salad. Raised Game Pie.
Baked Ham.
TEA.
Buttered Toast. Sardine Paste Sandwiches.
*Gingerbread Loaf.
Macaroon Tartlets. Coffee Eclair.
DINNER.
Soup.
Clear Soup à la Rachel. Normandy Soup.
Fish.
*Fillets of Haddock à la Milanaise.
Dressed Crab.
Entrée.
Veal Culettes à la Russe.
Brain Croquettes with Tomato Sauce.
Roasts.
Welsh Saddle of Mutton with Hot Cranberry Sauce.
Game.
Roast Wildgeon. Bigarade Sauce.
Braised Pheasant.
Vegetables.
Artichoke Fritters. *Potato Puffer.
Sweets.
Pineapple Charlotte. Rum Omelet.
Soufflé.
Strasbourg and Olive Croûtons.
Cheese Quenelles.
Ice.
Coffee Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

How to obtain our Domestic Servants.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to proved regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be

registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

Both employer and servant are expected to acquit the Bureau of an engagement being made. Otherwise their names will be removed from the Bureau's books.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

- (1) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.
- (2) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.
- (3) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS. The Employer only pays the 5s. fee when a month's trial has proved satisfactory.
- (4) If any particular or special requirement of a reader as regards a servant cannot be satisfied immediately from the servants' register, an advertisement for a suitable servant can be inserted in the *Daily Mirror* for 1s. 6d. for 12 words, 14d. per word in excess.
- (5) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

- (2) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.
- (3) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

Advertisements of DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS, ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED, HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS AND PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS, are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO. 3/8

To the Managers,
"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond St., London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from _____
(Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies the paper should be inserted.)

Signature of Reader: _____
(Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY written below.)

I require a _____ and in the event of being "sailed," I agree to pay 5s. to the Bureau.
(Here state what servant is required.)

The above form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail her- (or him-) self of the 29 Bureau.
A fee of five shillings will be charged when-

SITUATIONS WANTED.	SITUATIONS WANTED.	SITUATIONS WANTED.	SITUATIONS WANTED.	SITUATIONS WANTED.
Menservants. BUTLER: age 48; 5ft. 10in.; disengaged; good references.—Write M. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. BUTLER: with footman; age 29; disengaged; tall; nice appearance; good references.—W. G. 37, Upper Berkeley-street. 3616 COACHMAN: long references; experienced; age 40.—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. PORTER-VALET: good references; age 39; 10s. per week.—Write M. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. YOUNG MAN: 19, seeks situation in house and garden; good references.—T. Barnes, 94, Herbert-road, Manor Park, Essex. Chef. CHEF or Second Chef; experienced in restaurant work; good references.—Write M. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.	Cooks. COOK: Swedish; good plain; £20; speaks no English; very highly recommended.—Write K. 109, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. COOK: £23-24; aged 23; now disengaged; nearly 2 years' personal reference.—Write K. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street. COOK (plain): aged 37; £22; disengaged; well recommended.—Write K. 607, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. COOK-HOUSEKEEPER: permanent or temporary; aged 33; £45; town or country.—Write K. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. COOK: aged 44; wages £28; town.—Write K. 609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. COOK: 39; job or permanent; guinea weekly; £45 yearly.—H. 22, Station-street, Chelsea. 3614	Housekeepers. HOUSEKEEPER: age 50; over three years' character; £40-45.—Write K. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. THE Countess of Warwick highly recommends housekeeper; been in her service some years; excellent character.—Miss M. 100, Avondale-road, Denmark-park, Peckham. 3592 Companions. COMPANION: age 20; small salary.—Write L. 511, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. COMPANION: —Young lady, bright, domesticated, desired; moderate salary; servant kept; no children.—Aillingham, Fay Gate, Herts. 3625 Lady's Maids. HELP (lady): thoroughly domesticated; highly recommended.—Rose Southern, 201, High-street, Plumstead. 3598	MAID (travelling): age 34; highly recommended.—Write L. 504, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. MAID: age 35; experienced hairdresser, dress-maker, traveller.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. MAID: couriere German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended.—Write L. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. USEFUL MAID: —Lady wishes situation; fond of children; disengaged December 7.—Miss O. Harwood, 117, North Side, Clapham Common. MAID: experienced hair-dresser, packer, traveller; disengaged.—Write 449, "Daily Mirror," Office, 45, New Bond-street, 3626. MAID (useful): now in Liverpool; £20.—Write L. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. MAID (useful): town or abroad; age 22; £20; do housework; French dressmaker.—Write L. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.	MAID (useful): over four years' reference; £25.—Write L. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. Parlourmaid. PARLOURMAID: in Hertfordshire, wants place near London; two years' character.—Write H. 125, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. Stillroom Maid. STILLROOM-MAID: hotel experience; very good references; 10s. to 15s.—Write M. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. Governesses. GOVERNESS (daily): now in London; teaches French, English, Italian.—Write L. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. GOVERNESS (French): age 20; £25; usual of 15s.—Write L. 38, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.
(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXIX.
Continued.

"SO kind of dear Lady Leicester," said one of the women, whom Colonel Joscelyn had overheard the night before discussing Helen Lorison's social success, as she linked her arm in that of her particular friend, that young and lovely and sensitive girl, whom she was doing her best to imbue with her own consummate worldliness. "She wanted to give us a chance for a smoke," she went on, as they wandered off through the grounds, fragrant with a hundred scents. "Those two prim old Frenchwomen would have been horribly shocked. I noticed they looked disgusted at our frivolity during luncheon."

"You see," rejoined her friend, not without a hint of sarcasm in her soft voice, "they thought we really came to talk about the charity; and, although you speak French perfectly, they are of the Faubourg, and they don't understand the language of Yvette Guilbert."

"Don't be ill-natured!" laughed the other. "Let me tell you, Eva, dearest, that, although you are the most envied bride of the year, and enormously rich, and all that, you won't be a bit popular if you try to be sarcastic. Look at Martia Chesney, puffing away like a chimney! Mine's gone out!" She stopped a moment to relight her tiny scented Russian cigarette. "Mrs. Lorison apparently doesn't smoke," she added, as they resumed their walk. "I really think it is more distinguished not to. The way Mrs. Chesney smokes is not quite nice, do you think? I've seen her light four, one after the other, and she always smokes right down to the gold."

Her friend assented, and then corrected herself, with her grave and gentle thoughtfulness that made her mentor tell her that she would grow ponderous, if she persisted in it. "I really don't think we ought to say that, Mildred. We smoke because it's the thing to do, and as little as possible, and only when people can see us; but because Mrs. Chesney

really enjoys it, we think it's not quite good form."

"Oh, well, everything depends upon the way you do it!" rejoined the other lightly. "Mrs. Chesney does everything too much. It's the thing for a woman to marry, but it isn't good form to be as ridiculously in love with your husband as she is. By the way, she and Mrs. Lorison seem to have taken a tremendous fancy to one another. Look at them together. They are making for the Terrace, and talking nineteen to the dozen. Well, I'm going back to join in the discussion. The dear French ladies may be very *beau siècle* and all that, but they're awfully keen on the charity, and the takings will be doubled if I sing a couple of Yvette's songs."

She trailed her exquisite, lace-frilled skirts back to the house, dragging her companion with her.

Meanwhile, Martia and Helen Lorison had wandered down the grassy slopes, dotted with orange trees and laid out with elaborate flower beds, until they reached the broad marble terrace. Over the fretted, lace-like balustrade the roses clambered, and, wherever a piece of wall was visible through the rich vegetation, it was covered with the purple magnificence of the Bougainvillea.

By the time they reached the Terrace and sat down on a seat, supported by marble lions, they had both forgotten that there was any reason why they should not be friends.

The remembrance came back to importune the older woman, as she looked out over the blue sea, for it was on this very spot that she had spoken with Paul Joscelyn the night before, and asked him to introduce her to the girl he had been with, and received his unvarnished rebuff. The thought brought with it that stinging bitterness that was like ashes in her mouth, and that made her feel that she was betraying him. But she put it away from her impatiently. It was ridiculous; she was bound to have met the girl; they must inevitably have come together. They were in the same set; they had the same friends. And, besides, there was that magic link of sympathy between them that would have bridged space and led them together, despite all human obstacles in the way.

She was deeply interested in the girl; more than that, her heart was touched, a most unusual thing in this woman, who, as Paul Joscelyn had said to himself, was all brain. From the very first she loved her.

And Martia, too, had argued it out, only in a vaguer, more instinctive way. Why should she deprive herself of this woman's friendship just because that awful calamity had befallen her, and she was obliged to hold herself responsible for a man's untimely death? It was not as if Mrs. Lorison had loved the millionaire. It was impossible to

imagine that she had cared for him. That calm, fascinating face was not that of a broken-hearted woman. She must have been going to marry him, as Philip had said, for his money. And Martia, far from despising her for it, was glad, because, if she had cared for him she could never, never have been her friend. And she wanted a woman friend. She had great sympathy with her own sex, and of late Claudia Waynflete had so greatly changed that Martia hardly seemed to know her, and Lady Leicester was too much taken up with social duties to be entirely satisfactory. There was something above and beyond all this that stirred within her, as she talked to this new friend, talked with the freedom and spontaneity that is so delightful when sympathy is assured. Even the hardness that no one could help noticing in the older woman's character she admired, as inexperienced youth will admire that half-tolerant and half-impatient cynicism born of an exhaustive knowledge of the world.

And so they both deliberately put all doubts away. They were intended to be friends for all time; that one look they had exchanged yesterday in the Gaming Rooms had decided it. Nothing should stand between them. Helen Lorison reasoned it out; Martia Chesney felt it.

"It is strange that we should have met this morning," said Helen Lorison, presently, abruptly giving the conversation a personal turn. "Directly I saw you yesterday in the rooms I knew we should be friends."

"I felt the same," said the girl, with an eager smile. "It was strange, wasn't it? I was in such a hurry to catch my train; but I looked back."

"And I looked back, too, and our eyes met, and I said to myself: 'It doesn't matter in the least where that girl is going to; I am sure to meet her again, and, when we meet, we shall be friends.' You were with Colonel Joscelyn. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes," said the girl simply.

"Isn't that a dangerous thing to say? I speak from the world's point of view."

"But it is not yours. You think well of him?" Martia's voice was eager. "Have you known him long?"

The woman's face went a little paler. "No. You know, or perhaps you don't know. I was to have married Mr. Detmold, and, when he died, I naturally wanted to hear about it from Colonel Joscelyn himself. So I met him. But I am a good judge of character, and I am sure he is better, much, much better than his —" she broke off suddenly; and her voice was veiled, as if with vague anxiety. "But the world is unjust, and you are very young, and — oh, forgive me, I am such a new friend, but —" Again she broke off, and Martia held out her hand, with a little smile.

It was strange, she thought, that this sympathetic new friend should try to warn her

against Paul Joscelyn, just as Lady Dexter had done; only the Countess's words had been coarse, and Mrs. Lorison's were halting and kind. Evidently the whole world was banded together against Paul Joscelyn. It was a case of "give a dog a bad name." One thing Helen's words told her that gave her great satisfaction. It was clear that her surmise was right, and that she had not cared for Lewis Detmold in the least. Her voice when she spoke of him was full of decorous but serene indifference.

As a matter of fact, an alarming thought had flashed into the elder woman's brain. It explained why the Colonel was so exceedingly careful of this one woman, and careless of all others. He had never raised an objection to her intimacy with the Countess of Tyneside, or Lady Leicester; he had expressed an obviously sincere satisfaction that she had risen above her old self and achieved an honourable position. He had seemed only eager to forget the past; not to brand her with it. This new thought explained his attitude, and also a certain subtle change that she had noticed in him last night. What if he loved Martia Chesney? It was an intolerable thought. So far she was with the world. If Paul Joscelyn loved a woman, it was a sorry thing for her. He did not know—how should she?—that this thing was quite, quite different.

"You are wrong about Colonel Joscelyn," Martia said gently. "All the world is wrong about him. He is a good friend."

"Ah, Mrs. Chesney, you are very young!" Helen's smile had a tinge of sadness. "Don't you see, the world thinking as it does, it is dangerous to be his champion?"

Martia was silent; and the elder woman looked at her with a hint of appeal in her wonderful purple eyes.

"You are not angry with me?"

"No," said the girl, softly. "Why should I be? We gave each other all the privileges of friendship yesterday, when we looked back."

"Ah, yes, when we looked back!" The white lids fell for a moment over the purple eyes; an almost imperceptible contraction of pain crossed the fair white forehead. But the girl did not notice; she was looking out over the blue sea that gently played the stones of the little bay below the marble terrace, and on this exquisite day, in this dream-like spot, her thoughts had flown to Philip, Philip who was coming back to her. She was happier to-day than she had been since he left her; she seemed somehow to have buried the past, and she thrilled at the thought of his return, the return to the old days, more glorious days than which no woman had ever known.

The next moment Mrs. Lorison had resolutely changed the conversation with an abrupt question.

To be Continued To-morrow.

DAILY BARGAINS.

E.C.—Tuesday, December 8, 1903.